

TOC H JOURNAL

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1935.

	PAGE
THIS TOC H, <i>by Jim Burford</i>	42
WANTED—THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR, <i>by Dr. Betty Morgan</i>	45
DISCIPLINE IN TOC H, <i>by Ronald Wraith</i>	49
MORE ALLOTMENTS FOR UNEMPLOYED!	51
SUNDAY WAYFARERS, <i>by M. M. Bear</i>	54
A MESSAGE TO NEW ZEALAND, <i>by Lord Bledisloe</i>	57
THE NEW ZEALAND FESTIVAL	59
THE YEAR IN L.W.H.	60
THE SCHOOLS CONFERENCE, 1935	63
A WAY OF UNDERSTANDING, <i>by C. H. Lewis</i>	64
"OLD HEIDELBERG"	69
THE ELDER BRETHREN—T. W. MacGibbon, R. Cole, W. Farnwood	69
POPERINGHE PILGRIMAGES, 1935	70
DARBY AND JOAN, <i>by 'A. Darby'</i>	72
MULTUM IN PARVO	73
A BAG OF BOOKS— <i>Christ's Revelation of God, Moral Adventure, The Assurance of Immortality; Who's Who; Captain Nicholas, Heaven's my Destination, Good-bye, Mr. Chips!; Ronald Ross, Lionel Ford</i>	74
THE FAMILY CHRONICLE—from Tasmania, Ireland, the Northern and West Midlands Areas	83

FULL-PAGE PLATES

V. TUBBY, A NEW PORTRAIT	facing page 56
VI. NEW ZEALAND FESTIVAL	" " 57
VII. DARBY AND JOAN AT 'FORTY-TWO'	" " 72
VIII. DARBY AND JOAN AT SEA	" " 73
ECHOES OF THE IRISH FESTIVAL	" " 84

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“THIS TOC H”

Mention was made in December's JOURNAL of the talk given by JIM BURFORD (South Wales Area Secretary) at the Rally of the North Western Area at Lancaster on October 13. Here is the talk.

TO the question “What is Toc H?” many answers have been given. Most of them have been descriptions of some one or other of the doings of Toc H, or definitions of the things believed in or by Toc H; not to forget the reprehensible style of reply usually formulated as “Toc H is not this or that; it cannot be explained.” In common parlance, all such question-begging misses the 'bus. I am never asked “What Toc H is not?” and to tell me that engines pull trains is no answer to the question “What is an engine?” Nevertheless, to get right answers it is all-important that we ask the right question, or frame our query in the correct form. The question “What is a tree?” is not the same question always, in all places, and to all men. It would evoke from an artist, a farmer, an airman, a fiddle-maker, a brush-maker, a child, a firewood merchant, a chemist, or a priest, an answer differing in each case, and peculiarly inadequate if the asker was a truth-seeking biological student. The clue to his dissatisfaction is the unsatisfactory form of the question. He should have asked “What is the *nature* of a tree?” For, as Aristotle declared and Karl Marx repeated, “*The nature of a thing decides its final utility and value.*” In considering the nature of a thing, its origin, make-up, standing attainments, and future possibilities must all be allowed due prominence. For instance, certain origins, etc., etc., are in, of, and before Toc H. But just as my birth is not me, nor is my habit of pipe-smoking, nor yet whatever power of talking to people I have; still less are the wonderful (probably wonderfully silly) things I will henceforward do. I am something other than this, much more than these. So are you, and you, and all the blessed bunch of us. In like manner, Toc H is not adequately or at all described as (for instance) a War Time Soldiers' Club Continued; The History of the Years Between; A Collection of all the Nice Boys in a given or taken town; a failing, fading, clique of men in the thralls of middle-aged uselessness, too old to venture, too young to advise; An irritating bunch of midnight roysterers who mistake hooliganistic hilarity for manly and virile humour; A thing of social utility in the small way of helping a lame dog, or a poverty-stricken cause or society.

Toc H as itself, in its nature, is not dealt with by thinking of such matters alone. Stripped of all this Toc H would still *be*, and *would burst out in other forms*. Its present forms were not the original intention of those who loved it, and attended its birth. The answer is not discoverable along such lines.

A lobster has been described as a red fish that walks backwards. A good description, if we allow for three facts that must be deducted, namely, a lobster is not a fish, it is not red, and it does not walk backwards. Having in the interests of lobsters and ourselves done that, Mr. Lobster still awaits a true description!

Toc H has been described, I think, with greater accuracy in the following statements:

1. Toc H is a Christianising Organisation.
2. Toc H is the Trustee and Transmitter of a Spirit.

Do not, I ask you, get jumpy and burke the issue raised by these statements, and particularly by the word Spirit, because of its supposed vagueness; and erroneously assume it to be unreal, and therefore not practical. In the standard jargon of Canada, I'd bet a dollar to a doughnut that the unseen is always the real, the heart, the essence, the innards of a thing. Were a second bet needed, I'd gamble that the down-to-brass-tacks-up-and-at-it-put-it-over-and-on-with-the-job fellow is usually leading you and landing himself into the last ditch of defence of the Status Quo (Latin for modern muddle) or into a coal-sack (Glamorganese for *cul-de-sac*).

It is surprising how, and from what, some fellows derive pleasure. I have a friend who says that he takes a delight in selling Concert Tickets, and backs his contention by actually selling the things. Such a pleasure is beyond me. Selling tickets is about the last thing in the world I intend doing. My inability to rise to such delight impoverishes my life, in that I must be the poorer because of the many experiences such activity would have produced. George is as full of them as a monkey is of fleas! On one occasion he set out on a selling jaunt and came across the big man of the village (you know, the bloke that blesses everything and helps nothing, being wrapped up in himself, and consequently, a very small parcel in the eyes of other people). To sell him a ticket was the only thing George at that time lived for. The big man said "Splendid; a good thing; I approve; I wish you well; I am sorry I cannot be with you that night, but don't let that worry you—I will be with you in spirit." "Splendid!" in turn replied George, "and I'm sure you would like your spirit to sit in the front seat—here is a five-bob ticket for it!"

When you have finished grinning, face the main fact of the incident, that a disembodied spirit is as unthinkable—nay, more unthinkable—than a ghost. A ghost, at least, has gumption enough to be clothed in armour, or a sheet, or even a few clanking chains. Some material assistance is necessary for the most ghostly appearance. It amounts to this, that spirit is a real essence, but it can only become manifestly obvious when it is clothed, or embodied in material garb. This is the meaning of the ugly phrase I believe the 11th Hussars were using back in 1906: "Don't worry your soul-case out." The 'Cherry Pickers' had tumbled upon the idea that the material body was only the case of the inward reality.

As Doctor Fitchett used to put it: "Spirit is master, and matter is always, for good or evil, its vehicle." This is a universal rule. God Himself made for Himself no exception to this rule, for when He would visit this earth He clad Himself in a material body. In a word, the Divine was embodied in a Temple of clay; the theological technical term for such a proceeding being "Incarnation." "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His Glory."

Another way of looking at this, is to go with me in two ways, first, in the kindness of your hearts, and secondly, in your imagination, into Lewis's of Manchester (I know that you usually wait outside!). I am asking the girl for a yard of blueness, and she is looking upon me in bewilderment. Her first view is "Here is a case of the morning-after-the-night-before," and she may be tempted to fetch two yards of blueness complete with helmet, to turn me into something other than a customer! On the other hand, she may, and probably would, tell me, "You cannot have a yard of blue, but you can have a yard of blue silk, marocain, or

crêpe-de-chine." The quality of blueness must be embodied in a substance; it has no existence otherwise, or, at least, no existence that is tangible. So that truth, beauty, goodness, sound, light, heat, all these things without a material correlative are virtually non-existent. They have to be *in* something, if only, as in the case of light, in a dark Universe, before they can be realised. You have never seen me, and I have never seen you, and Judgment theories apart, we never will. If you had eaten of my dinners, and I had eaten of your dinners, you would have had my body, and I would have had yours, but that would not have made me *you*, or you *me*. I do not care how you describe me—whether as spirit, soul, mind, intelligence, reason, emotion, psychological entity, a conglomeration of instincts, or any other fancy thing you like. What I know is this, that I am an invisible being, moving about in a Universe by means of material vehicles, the first and the chiefest of which is my physical frame. Some people complain that God Incarnate, Jesus Christ our Lord, left this earth nigh two thousand years ago, and left only the example of a perfect life too high for our poor following:

Now is He dead,
And on the sight forlorn
The Syrian stars look down.

That is emphatically wrong. He is not dead, neither is He absent. He said distinctly that He would take another embodiment; "I will dwell in you." This is what Saul of Tarsus was driving at when he wrote "Know ye not that ye are the Houses of God," which means that within the body there can live my own wilful self and also the Spirit of God—one of them must be master, and if I am the lesser, then Jesus Christ is the greater. Just as we think of a community built up of new lives, in terms of a body, a legion, a union, a Church, with each individual as a cell, or atom, therein, so God links together with a tie that binds. That is the real meaning of the word "Religion," a binding of all our lives into one union or fellowship.

The wandering dove returned to the ark finding no repose for its feet. The earthly Jesus had no place to lay His Head, and the Resurrected Jesus has no place in which to live. Sometimes He is evicted, thrown out of the lives of whole companies of men, forgotten, ignored, despised, and still He stands at the door and knocks, waiting for a habitation, waiting for an embodiment, waiting for a new Incarnation. When on earth, He entered in at strange doors, and supped, and dominated with love entire households, such as that of Simon the rich Pharisee. Through the closed door of the Upper Room after His Resurrection He came. Ever and anon through all ages, in the most unlikely places, with the same patient, persuasive knocking He stands, and when the world was busy disembodiment, disincarnating the spirits of brave men through death in the War, the homeless God of Calvary knocked at the door in an old House at Poperinghe, and He entered in and was at rest. He was the Guest unseen in the happy cheerfulness of the lower ground; He was the Mind behind and in all the rooms half-way up; He was the Bread and Wine of Eternal Power in the higher reaches of that building. He was the Spirit of Companionship, the Spirit of Comfort, the Spirit of Consecration, and Christ had found another embodi-

ment, and when, in 1919 or thereabouts, loneliness, and love-lornness, and lassitude seemed again to be overwhelming the world, He reminded some men that He was homeless, and they began to build Him a house. They thought to have built Him a house of bricks, and somehow it became a house of living men in their thousands, and they called it Toc H.

The blessed thing is not a house after all—it is made of the lives of men; it is formed and fashioned after the Will of God. Toc H is, whatever it may not be in its activities, first and foremost the embodiment of the Spirit of God, not the only embodiment, but one of a particular and powerful nature. So therefore you who are this Thing, and seek to give an account of yourselves, add this, my little quota, to your thinking. We are the hands, and we are the feet, we are voices, we are God's vehicles. Daring though the thought may be, God's Purpose cannot be accomplished unless we make Him more than a Guest, more even than a Host—make Him the Lord and Ruler of this His fleshly house.

Spirit of mercy, truth and love,
Our weakness pitying see,
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place
And worthier Thee.
Speak to Him for He heareth
And Spirit with Spirit can meet,
Closer is He than breathing
Nearer than hands or feet.

JIM BURFORD.

WANTED,—THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR

The following article appeared in the Daily Telegraph on New Year's Day, under the title of "Life on Housing Estates: Where all earn alike, dwell alike and no one has leisure." It is here reprinted, by the courtesy of the author and of the Editor of the Daily Telegraph, because it points the way so admirably to an urgent piece of service which Toc H could help to give in many places: an example of exactly the kind of job, done by Toc H in Salford, was described in last month's JOURNAL ("A Job in Citizenship," p. 30).

The author of the present article is Dr. BETTY MORGAN.

THE renewed drive towards a national slum clearance policy revives an old controversy. Should people from congested and insanitary areas be rehoused in *cottage estates* on the outskirts of our cities, or in huge blocks of *municipal flats* in the city centre?

England, like the housing experts themselves, is divided on this issue. Some municipalities boast with pride that they have never erected a block of flats as part of their slum clearance scheme. Others, notably London, are tending to experiment with municipal flats as the best means of rehousing a dispossessed slum population.

Quite recently, Mr. Lewis Silkin, the new Labour Chairman of the L.C.C. Housing Committee, gave it as his opinion that ninety per cent. of the families affected by London's slum clearance scheme could be housed in flats very near their old homes, and that only ten per cent. need find accommodation in cottage estates in suburban areas.

So far as one can judge, therefore, it seems that London will be concentrating on municipal flats, though not to the exclusion of cottage dwellings, whilst the rest of the country will continue to build housing estates with an occasional block of flats as a second-best solution.

The bulk of post-war municipal housing has taken the form of *housing estates*, now to be seen on the outskirts of every sizeable town in England. Outside London, England cannot be said to be flat-minded. The woman from a city tenement who loved her new cottage because she "had her own front door and her own bit of garden" was typical of the majority. Whatever may be said in criticism of the new estates, one thing at least is certain—the overwhelming bulk of their inhabitants have no complaint to make about the architecture of their new homes, the fresh air, and the suburban blessing of space.

The *cottage estate* remains, however, a peculiar social problem, and if, as seems probable, it is to be multiplied all over the country in the near future, it may be as well to take stock of the situation before we go further. The first estates were experimental. We are only just beginning to learn which features to preserve and which to avoid.

Becontree is our largest housing estate, but its problems are little more than an intensification of the difficulties that beset any other cottage estate in any other part of the country. The peculiar problems of the housing estate may be briefly summarised.

A housing estate is essentially an artificial growth. It has not sprung up naturally around some centre—church, castle, camp, factory—as the normal English town or village did in the past. The trouble with most housing estates is to find some centre for them. They appear to have no soul, and they certainly have no tradition.

The inhabitants are nearly all on the same social and economic level. There is an apparent segregation of class. When, as at Becontree, there are over 100,000 persons, all earning about the same amount of money per week, all living in the same type of house, the absence of variety is depressing in the extreme.

Most municipalities reserve their cottages for married couples with children. The range of ages on a housing estate is, therefore, not as wide as in an ordinary town. On the estates under the control of the London County Council 50 per cent. of the inhabitants are under 18 years of age.

Money is short. Research has shown that very few people on municipal housing estates are living below the poverty line, but it has also revealed that the majority are only just above it. There is little left over to provide the ordinary amenities of a mixed residential area.

Leisure is almost as short as money. Mothers of young children are very much tied to their houses. Fathers and elder children, travelling to their work in the City, have to spend long hours daily in 'buses and trains. When they get home at night they have little time or inclination to get to know their neighbours.

The absence of people with leisure, money and a varied social experience has meant in practice a noticeable absence of leadership. Religious, political and social

bodies on new housing estates all make the same complaint, "We have no leaders." In nearly every instance the first drive has had to come from outside the estate.

The average housing estate has no sense of *civic pride* or of civic responsibility. It is notorious that in municipal and political elections housing estates normally have a very low poll. Very often the inhabitants are conscious of a feeling of inferiority, and hardly like to confess that they live on a housing estate.

This sense of inferiority springs from a belief that living on a housing estate brands them as belonging to one class. When the L.C.C. housing estate was built at Downham the residents of Bromley built a special wall to keep "the people from the estate" at a distance and deny them swift access to the amenities of Bromley. The snobbery works both ways.

Few municipalities provide meeting halls and playing fields on the estates, and owing to the general poverty it is extremely difficult to raise money for necessary centres of community life.

Speaking of Becontree in the introduction to an admirable report prepared for the Pilgrim Trust by Mr. Terence Young, Mr. Stanley Baldwin lays his finger on the two chief shortcomings of housing estates:

"I cannot help hoping that the restriction of 'housing' to the provision of houses alone may be reconsidered. To provide no halls or other buildings in which people can meet seems a serious mistake, whatever be the reason in law or policy. On another point the experience of Becontree is likely to be quoted. Industry is now following housing into Essex. To bring this about has taken a long time, and it would perhaps be hardly safe to regard it as a good precedent for the creation of new Becontrees under similar conditions."

At the moment there are three schools of thought about the correct way to deal with cottage estates.

The first would reserve the estates *for workers on a uniform level*—as at present—but would endeavour to mould the estate into one civic entity by restricting its size ("no estate should have more than 15,000 inhabitants," one social reformer said recently), providing a community centre, gingering up social organisations of every kind, and if possible attracting a modern factory or factories to the site. A modern factory, it is pointed out, can be a thing of beauty, and something must be done for the growing generation of estate children.

The National Council of Social Service, by helping to set up community associations to encourage and co-ordinate social life on the new housing estates, is doing a great deal to promote community feeling, though it is uphill work.

The second school of thought inclines towards an attitude of *laissez-faire*. It does not think that a one-class community makes a satisfactory civic entity, and it is, therefore, not very anxious to establish community centres or to encourage the estate to feel that it must stand alone. It believes that the estate *must make its own links with the outside world*, however difficult the process may be.

The third school, and perhaps the one which is gaining most favour, wishes to develop housing estates more *along the lines of garden cities*.

As long ago as 1927 Mr. Neville Chamberlain, speaking of garden cities, said:

"One of the ideas of a garden city is that it should be made a self-contained unit by encouraging the erection of factories, and also by the reservation of an agricultural belt which might to some extent supply the food required . . . In such cases there should be no segregation of classes, but efforts should be made to ensure that as many classes as possible should be represented. The problem will not be solved if the new towns are to become merely dormitories for the workers who travel daily to the new centre. The migration of population must be accompanied by the migration of industries."

In its new housing estate at Wythenshawe the Manchester Corporation is carrying out some bold experiments along these lines.

At the outset a special committee was formed to manage the estate and to encourage and control development. The first important work of the committee was the preparation of a development plan indicating zones for various densities of houses, agricultural belts, roads and park-ways, parks and open spaces, shopping centres, industrial areas, etc.

When the estate is finished it will house over 100,000 persons, but they will not all be living in houses erected by the Manchester Corporation. An important feature of the Wythenshawe scheme is the letting of land on the estate to private enterprise for the building of middle-class houses, thus ensuring a mixed population. Several firms have already begun to build better-class houses, and more than one factory is already established in the area.

The corporation has also undertaken the responsibility of providing public and semi-public buildings as a civic centre. The main public buildings and the principal shopping premises will be concentrated into the central zone, easy of access from all parts of the estate.

The Wythenshawe experiment may have important bearings on the future housing policy of municipalities elsewhere. As yet there is little indication that municipalities in general have thought out which line of development they intend to follow.

BETTY MORGAN.

NOTE.—In connection with the opening for Toc H service on new Housing Estates, it is worth while to study not only the report on work in Salford in last month's JOURNAL, but Peter Newman's article "To Create Homes" in the special Housing number in February, 1934. After giving various illustrations from personal experience, he writes that they "will suffice to show how desperate is the need for Toc H to get down to study and work on, and for, these new estates, and how tremendous the opportunities are. We have the bones, but will Toc H undertake the task of creating a soul within the bones? . . . The difficulties will be many, but the very nature of the job provides plenty of scope for adventure and initiative . . . One final word—if you cannot work on an estate, you can still help: use every means in your power to focus public opinion on the need for a social centre in every new housing estate. Let Toc H make the public conscience recognise that this social centre is just as vital and urgent as the building of houses themselves. In this way it will be time to say that Toc H will turn 'Housing' back to 'Home Building' in its truest and finest sense." Valuable advice can be obtained from the New Estates Community Committee, c/o The National Council of Social Service, 26, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

DISCIPLINE IN TOC H

From The Link of Toc H Australia for November we 'lift' an article by RONALD WRAITH.

I PROCEED to introduce a controversial topic about which I have been thinking, namely the whole question of 'Discipline' in Toc H.

Right through Toc H there is an immense number of weak units, which worry us a great deal, and which, when we encounter several of them one after the other, may become an obsession, blinding us to the gloriousness of Toc H in other places. We have learnt a few simple truths about Toc H by now, and have rightly analysed the cause of most of this weakness, i.e., lack of mixture, personality and leadership in the very beginnings, the acceptance of mere enthusiasm in place of proved ability. But I am not satisfied that this is the whole truth, for I believe that if we were better disciplined even our most "unrepresentative" and altogether feeble units could be very much more satisfying than they are.

I must be very careful to say just what I mean by discipline. There is a wrong kind of discipline, from which Toc H has sometimes suffered, not only in Australia but elsewhere. This is the discipline of bureaucracy, which insists on the satisfactory embellishment of pieces of paper, which is insatiable in its appetite for reports, which is occasionally rather harsh with the raw recruit who has fallen out of step. All such discipline, imposed by authoritative bodies from above, is wrong and foolish in the Family of Toc H.

But discipline of another kind is healthy, in particular Family discipline within the Branch or Group. I suppose there is no great movement in the world to-day where membership is allowed to be such a deplorably casual affair. Yet I once belonged to a Branch where I quite literally feared the jobmaster; that is to say, I would no more have thought of mentioning my private convenience in the face of his commands than I would, as a small boy, have asked the headmaster for a half-holiday to go and see a cricket-match; nor should I have felt comfortable in meeting my fellow members after having missed a meeting without good cause. There was nothing wrong with the atmosphere of this Branch; it was, in fact, unusually good, far better than the more prevalent type of unit where one does as one likes.

Army training and army discipline are among the finest influences in the world to-day, whether it be in the putting up of a camp or the running of a Christian family; the pale reflection of this discipline which I experienced in the O.T.C. was enough to convince me of that, even though I am by conviction one of those people called "pacifists." (See Donald Hankey in the second series of *The Student in Arms* on "The good side of Militarism").

The other day the Sydney Branch went to immense pains to plan a good Branch meeting: an extremely interesting gentleman, with a distinguished mind, was invited to speak on the subject of Japan; small details were carefully organised. The only fly in the ointment was that half the members didn't come.

This kind of thing won't do. We are playing with Toc H. Reaction against sloppiness of this kind has driven me to sympathise with the methods of a Branch

I know in England (which normally I think extreme) where membership is a stern affair. Once every year the Branch Executive—the Family Council—holds a “Stocktaking”: each man individually appears before his chosen leaders; his year’s history is reviewed; he is called upon to account meticulously for his stewardship; his shortcomings are sternly pointed out, and if he is a serious offender his application for renewal of membership is not accepted. I know what some of you are thinking—but let me add that that Branch in its weekly gatherings is one of the happiest, most carefree—and most effective units that I know.

“Fair-mindedness” is simply self-discipline in thought. Where that discipline is lacking, a movement like Toc H is very prone to Little-mindedness, our greatest enemy. The history of Toc H in several places I have been to recently is a sorry tale of petty jealousies and quarrels among people who will not discipline themselves, i.e., will not subordinate their personal pride to the good of the unit. Very often they will not submit cheerfully to some minor personal injustice, but imagine that it is of sufficient interest and importance to disturb the harmony of other people.

Self-discipline is sometimes needed corporately. Often in cities Toc H would be stronger if one or two weak units surrendered their identity and subordinated themselves to the discipline of other people; but only rarely are they big enough to do this.

Let me finish by reminding you of Townsville Group in Queensland, which preferred an honourable death to an unworthy life. Theirs was no small achievement, merely to go out of existence, and yet they would probably be too modest to speak of it themselves. They started with the realisation that their vision of Toc H had grown dim, the standard they were aiming at too easy. Individually, therefore, they disciplined themselves by surrendering their symbols of personal membership; for a month they were not to meet each other, but were to hammer out for themselves in private the way of Toc H, and think where it might lead them; if anyone was afraid of such a journey he would stay behind; but those who set out upon it once more would do so as men pledged to an adventure that was really difficult. Corporately they disciplined themselves by surrendering their symbol of Group status, giving up their place in the Family circle. A job they do each Christmas—a camp for 50 kiddies from the Far West—was to be carried on, but in the name of another Society in the town.

Under such stern discipline they were, even as they ceased to be, more truly a Toc H team than in all the days of their official but undisciplined existence.

R. E. W.



MORE ALLOTMENTS FOR UNEMPLOYED !

A new move by the Government to encourage allotments for unemployed men calls attention once again to a piece of service in which Toc H has given some help—and could give more.

IN the middle of last month the Commissioner for Special Areas (i.e., specially distressed areas) Mr. P. M. Stewart, issued an urgent call for prompt action to all local authorities in the places under his jurisdiction. He asked them to press on with the provision of allotments until the whole demand for them is satisfied; he calculated that 10,000 additional allotments should be put under cultivation this year. Clearly there is need for haste if the necessary land is to be acquired and the societies of cultivators formed to work it in time for the coming season.

The Commissioner offers to meet the first difficulty—that of acquiring suitable land in or near large centres of population, where it is most needed—by making grants out of the Special Areas Fund for the purchase of land costing between £160 and £250 per acre, including fencing. For the acquisition or rental of cheaper land he recommends loans from the Public Works Loans Commission. This is a great step forward, enabling as it does local authorities to go ahead at once, so long as they can find suitable land at a fair price. And it is, we are assured, only a small part of the agricultural programme for the distressed areas which the Commissioner has in mind. For the rest of the allotments work he refers local authorities to “any competent voluntary organisation undertaking work for the unemployed in the locality.” In this connection he, very rightly, specially mentions the Allotment Committee of the Society of Friends which has done such splendid work for a long time, both in encouraging the unemployed to take up allotments and in providing them, with the aid of a Government grant, with seeds, fertilisers and tools at very cheap rates. Toc H units in distressed areas will not as a rule, be concerned so much with the purchase of land as with the formation of associations of cultivators and with helping them to start work. This calls for enthusiasm and ‘the human touch,’ as well as for some expert knowledge and much common-sense. An article on the Society of Friends’ Allotment scheme, which appeared in the JOURNAL of January, 1933, set out the main lines of working and resulted in a number of members and units taking a hand in a form of service till then untried by them. Not all efforts, we may suppose, have been equally successful, but those who have seen rough ground blossom into vegetables and various ‘crops’ and, what is more, have rejoiced in watching the benefit to body, mind and spirit of such labour to unemployed men, have been more than rewarded for any service they could give.

An actual instance of what can be, and has been done, will be more useful than any amount of generalisation. Some notes by a member of a Toc H unit in the North of England will serve this purpose:—

Following up the article in the JOURNAL (January, 1933), we wrote to the Society of Friends for their leaflets on Allotments.* After careful study of these by our

* Anyone interested should write to the Friends’ Allotments Committee, Friends’ House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1. In November, 1932, the Committee published a special leaflet for ‘Toc H’ which is reprinted at the end of this article.

Branch Executive we decided to call a meeting of the unemployed: notices of this were posted in the Labour Exchange, in shop windows, etc. The meeting, held one afternoon, was attended by about forty unemployed men. We put the following proposals before them:—

1. An Allotment Association should be formed.
2. Its Committee should consist of six members elected by the unemployed themselves and six elected by Toc H.
3. An account should be opened at the bank. The treasurer of the Toc H Branch should act as treasurer of the Association.
4. A field (about which we had obtained all details) was mentioned as being available.

The meeting adopted the scheme; an Allotment Association was formed and a committee was elected which immediately got down to details.

(a) *Land*: The field was rented for five years—with an option to purchase at a certain price within that period. The local surveyor marked out the plots: these were of the size recommended by the Society of Friends as each sufficient to supply an average family with vegetables throughout the season. Applications for plots were considered, and out of the 60 plots into which the field was divided, over 50 plots were taken by the unemployed: after a certain date the rest were let to other applicants. The unemployed men agreed to pay 2d. a week for their plots. A local shipyard and a builder provided fencing stakes and a gate.

(b) *Tenure, etc.*: No unemployed man would be ordered to quit his plot if he obtained work, but if a plot fell vacant, an unemployed man was given the first option to take it. Thus a certain security of tenure was assured to the right men. Work done on an allotment was ignored by the Labour Exchange and produce obtained from it was not reckoned as income by the Public Assistance Committee. The sale of produce was, of course, against the spirit of the scheme and if made was at the producer's responsibility.

(c) *Materials*: The Society of Friends is prepared to supply, through a responsible Allotment Association such as this, seeds, potatoes, manure, tools, etc., at, or below, cost price. (The seeds supplied are wonderful value). These facilities are only open to the genuine unemployed and a form has to be filled in and forwarded with each order; the seeds are then sent in one consignment. The cash for these seeds, tools, etc., is required before the dispatch of goods—so the local Toc H unit advanced the necessary money. The men paid the loan off at the rate of 6d. per week, and the whole amount has been repaid. Artificial manure was obtained, at a very low rate, through the Farmers' Company for Unemployed. Toc H lent the free use of its room for the purpose of collecting and distributing seeds and tools.

The scheme has proved a great success. Some very good vegetables have been, and are being, produced. It is found that the 2d. a week paid by the tenants of allotments yields a surplus for the provision of more seeds.

After a time it was found that the owner of the field desired to sell. A good friend of the unemployed advanced cash at a low rate of interest and the field was bought in the name of the Allotment Association, thus giving full security to the plot-holders.

The Part of Toc H: The Branch concerned does not claim any praise for this venture. A keen team of its members took the initiative, but the Allotment Association is not controlled by them. They maintain, naturally, a strong interest in its progress, and reports of it are given from time to time to the Branch Executive. The Secretary of the Association is an unemployed man, not a member of Toc H, and it is interesting to note that of the six members of the committee elected by Toc H three are unemployed and have plots of their own.

How to make a start

In November, 1932, the Friends' Allotments Committee issued the following "Suggestions for Toc H Members," which were printed in the JOURNAL of January, 1933, and may well appear again here:—

1. Get in touch with the Manager of the Employment Exchange with a view to getting to know the position locally with regard to unemployment.
2. Get in touch with the local Allotment Society (if there is one) or Federation of Allotment Societies (if there are many) to see if they are operating our Scheme; and to discover if there are any vacant plots available for the unemployed.
3. Get in touch with Local Councils about the availability of more land for allotments. It is their duty to provide land for allotments if there is the demand for it.
4. Get in touch with Churches, Rotary Clubs, Women's Co-operative Guilds, Women's Institutes, etc., and if necessary get a representative committee of these bodies to take up the subject.
5. Get in touch personally with unemployed men and give them the sympathy of a helping hand.
6. Offer the use of your premises for meetings of Allotment Societies, classes for unemployed workers, etc.
7. Write to the Friends' Allotments' Committee for copies of leaflets:
 - (a) for distribution among unemployed workers.
 - (b) for distribution for appeal purposes.
8. Insert paragraphs giving information in the local newspapers. Samples on application.
9. Write to the Friends' Allotment Committee (Friends' House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.) for any further information you desire.



SUNDAY WAYFARERS

As long ago as February, 1926, a 'Northern Conference' of Toc H, held in Salford, was deeply stirred by a speech made by the mover of a resolution "that Boys' Clubs ought to be open on Sunday evenings for concerts, games, etc." "One of the main things," he said, "that must strike any visitor who comes on Sunday to most of our provincial cities, is the hordes of lads and girls who tramp aimlessly up and down some main street as evening draws on. One asks oneself why they are there, and the question is only too easy to answer . . . Perhaps they, too, have wondered why, just as they—and thousands like them—come out for the evening, the parks and churches are all being closed. Perhaps they have wondered why no one seems to care whether from sheer boredom they slip off in pairs to some back street or dark corner where mischief waits for idle hands and bodies, or whether they go on tramping. Is Toc H to help to find the solution of the problem? It can, it *must* be solved, and love can do it."

A number of Toc H units in various parts of the country were stirred to help in, or to start, 'Sunday Night Clubs.' Some of these, opened with more enthusiasm than discretion, encountered difficulties which brought them to an end; others continue to serve their purpose well.

Last December a short letter appeared in *The Times* on the subject of the Wayfarers' Sunday Association, an appeal by its founder, Mrs. BEAR, for more help. "It is most distressing," she wrote, "in face of the great need, to have to shut our doors because we have not nearly enough helpers." One Sunday evening in January, Mr. S. P. B. MAIS made a broadcast appeal on behalf of the Association which produced over £1,500. But, equally with funds, the need is for men and women to help—for the Association, founded originally to help girls in London, also concerns boys. This may be an excellent opportunity for combined service by Toc H and L.W.H.

The following article, written by Mr. BEAR, in response to a request from Mr. MAIS, is specially contributed to the JOURNAL. The President of the Sunday Wayfarers' Association is Mrs. M. M. Bear, and her address is 191, St. James's Court, London, S.W.1.

IN the autumn of 1928 the idea of the Wayfarers' Sunday Association was originated by Mrs. Maurice M. Bear. The officials of an existing week-day club for girls had asked her to look after their members on Sunday afternoons and evenings. There were about twenty of these girls who had no homes in London or who for other reasons wanted companionship on Sundays, and they were soon joined by others in attending the Sunday Club. This was just the beginning, but Mrs. Bear had for some time had in mind the position of girls from South Wales, Northumberland, Durham and other Provincial areas who had come to London to work, had no friends in London, and nothing to do in their "time-off" on Sundays. She decided to throw open her Sunday Club to admit any girls who were lonely on Sundays, whether they were members of the week-day club or not, and on these lines the Sunday membership grew by leaps and bounds.

This was the beginning of the first Wayfarer Centre. It was intended primarily for girls whose homes were not in London, but London girls soon began to apply for admission and as their need for somewhere to go on Sundays was almost as great as that of the Provincial girls, the London girls also were admitted.

At an early stage girls wanted to bring their boy friends, and it was decided that any girl who had become a Wayfarer could introduce a boy as her friend and he would be admitted if approved by the Centre President.

By this time Mrs. Bear had begun to formulate definite ideas as to how a Wayfarer Centre should be run. She had behind her a lifetime of experience in voluntary work for girls, and in India in particular she had had the experience of doing the pioneer work for Girl Guides from the beginning, and held the position of Chief Commissioner of Girl Guides for the whole of India for a number of years. This position required a great deal of original work on her part because, owing to the wide differences in the local conditions, the Constitution for Girl Guides in India had naturally to be very different from the Constitution in force at home. She was awarded the coveted Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal, the gift of His Majesty for "Services to India."

At the time when the Wayfarers were starting, the position was that practically nothing had been done in the way of providing Centres where girls and boys could meet together socially. It was a new idea and required special treatment, more especially as such few attempts as had been made in this direction had not been successful, either because there was not sufficient freedom or the reverse. To meet the case the "Wayfarer Method" was devised. This was arrived at by a gradual process of trial and error in the Wayfarer Centres, and eventually a definite Constitution was drawn up which, after being severely tested, now stands as a model. If this is adopted and adhered to, success is assured in the running of any Wayfarer Centre in any locality, no matter where that locality may be situated.

The first point to be insisted upon is that a mixed Centre for girls and boys cannot be run satisfactorily unless there is a serious motive underlying the whole thing. This serious motive is provided in the Wayfarers by means of the "Wayfarer Idea" and the "Wayfarer Rule." Every Sunday some reference is made to these fundamental factors, and subsequently, after a minute of silence, the Wayfarers' Hymn

"He who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster
Let him in constancy follow the Master,"

is sung.

Granted that this serious motive exists and is never allowed to be forgotten, the experience proves that the young people can be allowed to amuse themselves in any suitable manner, in Games, Community Singing, and also Dancing part of the time, because Dancing is the thing that so many of them particularly enjoy. In this connection it must be remembered that those who essay to attract young people on Sundays and bring them under wholesome influences must bear in mind that they are in competition to-day with cheap dance halls where drink can be obtained. Unless the Centres are made attractive the girls and boys will not come to them and will therefore remain in the streets, frequenting the 'Monkey's Parade,' and tending to get into mischief.

The facts must be looked in the face, either the young people must be allowed to do things that strict Sabbatarians do not approve of, or you leave them in the streets without a single helping hand.

This is a serious question of the present moment. Every day the conditions and tendencies are becoming more dangerous for girls and boys. The Wayfarers

believe that a great deal may be done by means of Centres where girls and boys may meet together. The Wayfarers Sunday Association deals only with Sundays and therefore does not clash with any existing week-day clubs. But for those who wish to start "Mixed Clubs" on week-days the method would be equally suitable.

There are now eight of these Centres in London, open from 3.30 to 9.30 every Sunday. At any time after 3.30 (and sometimes before that) girls and young men can be seen entering the Centres. In working hours many of the girls are engaged in domestic service, others are in shops or hotels. The young men are in every kind of occupation. All of them of both sexes are lonely and at the same time they are young and brimming with life and vitality. They are longing for enjoyment and for excitement, such as they know is readily available and constantly indulged in by well-to-do young people whom they see around them. These conditions tend to make them ripe for mischief if they are left to themselves. They enter the Wayfarer Centre and at once they are amongst friends of their own class. It is a rule of the Wayfarers that newcomers are made welcome; it is a duty of every Wayfarer to see that this is done. Over and over again young girls present themselves, who have only recently come to London and feel very despondent and home-sick: real loneliness is a terrible feeling. But what a difference when the time comes to say "good-night"! Those same girls, with smiling faces: "Oh! I have had a lovely time. I have met some girls from my own district. I want to be a member and shall come every Sunday I am out." That is the sort of thing, over and over again. Our visitors to the Centres have only one verdict. Never have they encountered such an atmosphere of general happiness and good behaviour in a crowd of about 130 young people of both sexes. "How is it done?" they ask. Well, it is just the effect of the Wayfarer Idea and the Wayfarer Rule. The young people are constantly told "This is your Centre, it is for you either to make it a success or to spoil it." The motto is "Play the game," and they play it, as taught to them first by the Wayfarer Idea, a very simple idea indeed but one which never fails to attract attention and evoke response. It can be expanded to any desired extent but briefly it is this:— We are all travelling along the highway of life. It is not an easy road, but all alike must travel upon it. What are we doing about it? Are we going along thinking only of ourselves, having no care for other travellers, and without any Guide to keep our faces in the right direction? No, if we are Wayfarers we shall always be on the look out for lonely travellers, ready to give them our companionship and to make friends with those who are friendless. And our Guide will be the Master. Secondly, they are taught by the Wayfarer Rule, taken from the 13th chapter of the 1st Corinthians, St. Paul's "more excellent way." The Wayfarers adopt the Moffatt translation of this chapter and for them it means that Wayfarers "are very patient, very kind; they know no jealousy," etc.

Many more Centres are required, and there should of course be Centres in all the large Provincial Towns. If Toc H would take an interest in this question and endeavour to promote the formation of new Centres, it would be a great thing for the Wayfarers and such efforts would be warmly appreciated. The Association already has help on Sundays from certain members of Toc H and if any others would care to assist they will be gratefully welcomed.

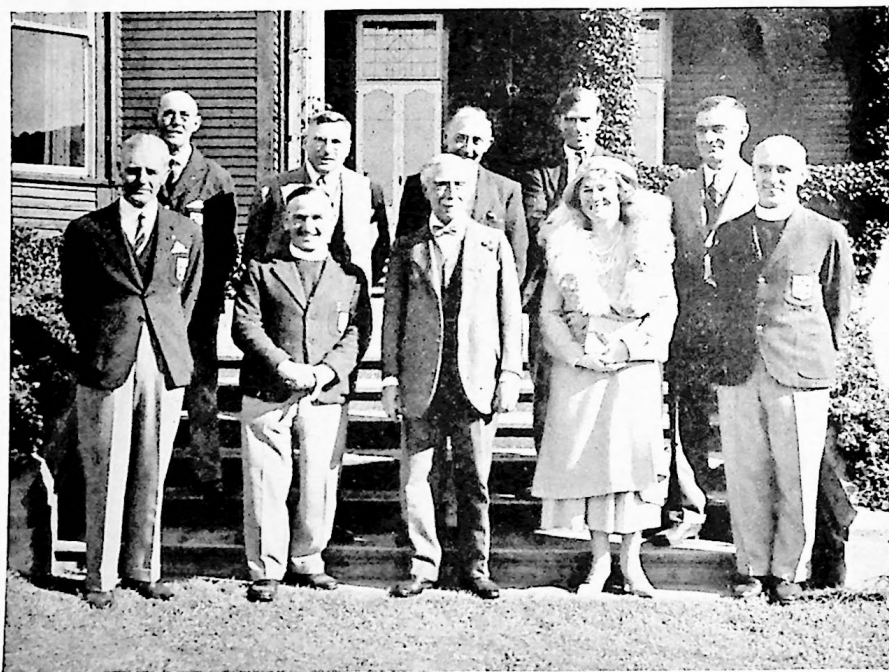
A NEW PORTRAIT.

PLATE V.



"TUBBY"

Taken at Belgaum, India, Christmas, 1934.



ABOVE : The Gathering on the lawn at Government House.

(Photo. Andrew Slessor.)

BELOW : 'Domex' (N.Z. Dominion Executive) with their host and hostess. *In front:* F. T. ('Doc') Bowerbank (Wellington); Padre Herbert Leggate; His Excellency the Governor General; Lady Bledisloe; Padre Owen Williams (Dominion Padre). *Behind:* F. W. ('Dad') Sykes (Nelson); Dr. G. H. Robertson (Chairman); A. S. Geddes (Canterbury); Ormie Wilson (Rangitikei); S. Reid (Auckland). *Absent:* G. Salmond (Otago).

(Photo. taken with Lord Bledisloe's camera.)

A MESSAGE TO NEW ZEALAND

LORD BLEDISLOE *has just finished his term of office as Governor-General of New Zealand. He leaves for home with the respect and affection of the Dominion and with the just reward of its sincere gratitude for his work. As HERBERT LEGGATE (also on his way home) wrote in these pages (July, 1934): "He is a great Christian and is the moral leader of New Zealand as well as its Governor-General." Not least have been his services and inspiration to Toc H in the Dominion. How thoroughly he believed in it was shown by a letter to TUBBY in July, 1933, in which he says: "You will be glad to know that Toc H is particularly active in New Zealand at the present time and is doing work of untold value in creating throughout the whole community a spirit of brotherhood and selfless service which, under conditions of unprecedented privation and unemployment, is going to carry us successfully through the worst winter (in an economic sense) that this Dominion has ever experienced. The inspiration you continuously radiate from Headquarters is of untold value to us all."*

We are very glad now to be able to publish LORD BLEDISLOE's farewell address to Toc H New Zealand at the Festival at Wellington on November 24, 1934, which has just reached us.

I AM glad to be with you this evening if only to enable me to carry away with me to the Old Land the stimulating vision of this cordial assembly of members of our Toc H Family belonging to 42 separate units hailing from every part of New Zealand, intent on polishing up their ethical armour and putting a keener edge upon their ideals by friendly companionship and intercourse.

The Movement in this Dominion is steadily growing and spreading its salutary influence in our Colleges and Schools and in the busy haunts of our people; and this Festival of reunion is calculated to give it that element of consolidation and stability which at this stage of its growth it now greatly needs. It has benefited much by the presence among us for the past twelve months of Padre Herbert Leggate and we shall all be very sorry when, on Christmas Eve, he quits these shores. We owe it to the generosity of an anonymous lover of New Zealand in England that for another year, commencing in September next, an "Administrator's Deputy" (or representative of England) will take his place at no expense to our local organisation. It is the earnest desire of the Dominion Executive to avoid making appeals for financial assistance outside the Family Circle, but I greatly hope that some kind friend or friends of the Movement will come forward and voluntarily provide the means of continuing this valuable liaison with British Headquarters at the end of this period without looking to Britain for monetary help.

Apart from the normal and varied activities of Toc H in this Dominion it is hoped that it will make its special objective the proper, wholesome and health-giving utilisation of leisure—a so-called boon, the extension of which seems likely as the result of international agreement, to eventuate from present economic chaos, but which, if the nation be unprepared socially and educationally for its extension, may contribute to its degradation rather than to its progress. The effort to solve this problem is a worthy task for all far-sighted patriots.

Toc H was, as you know, founded amid the din of battle during the Great War. Its present aim is said to be to "recapture the War's spirit of comradeship in common service." Common service in the War was that of combined effort,

under training and discipline, to defeat the enemies of our King and Country. The peril was great and threatened all alike. It is in face of a common danger that the spirit of comradeship receives its strongest impetus and awakens the most intense feelings of mutual sympathy and mutual affection breaking down the barriers of class, rank and race.

If this spirit of comradeship is to be "re-captured" what, it may well be asked, are the conditions which, at present, favour the process? It may be said that the poignant urge to this intimate brotherly association and to the breaking down of conventional social barriers which was so happily evoked and developed by war experience is now lacking, that there is now no war and but little need for discipline, no common peril, no ostensible enemy. Let us disabuse our minds of all such misconceptions. War is raging around us, discipline was never more needed. We are faced with perils which call for united action on the part of all patriots who acknowledge the sovereignty of God and are not ashamed to serve in the ranks of His Army. The war is one with poverty, destitution and degeneration, not only in a national but also, and chiefly, in a mental and spiritual sense—a conflict with apathy, ignorance, faithlessness and hopelessness, with the insidious canker of intemperance and immorality and with the bewildering complexities and artificial glamour of modern civilisation which obscure the pure, unadulterated and unfailing joys of a simple life in tune with Nature and with Nature's God. Our service is called for on behalf of suffering humanity (blind, all too often, to the true sources of its morbid condition) and this service we can most effectually render if we stand together, mutually trustful, self-disciplined, equipped with "the sword of the spirit which is the word of God," and "above all, taking the shield of Faith" wherewith we shall best be able to surmount the barbed-wire entanglements and face without trepidation the soul-shattering shells of our post-war environment which hamper our advance and destroy our mutual serenity and quietude. Our emblem, the distinctive decoration of our Corps, is the Lamp, and the Match which lights it, the source of its illumination, must be our Faith. Without it our light will not "shine brightly before men" nor will they see and appreciate our determination to work unflinching, persistently and confidently for God and for our fellow creatures. Our faith in the Master whom we serve will be reflected in our faith in our beloved country, in its sure destiny in the years which lie before us and in our own capacity to help in moulding that destiny for the good of posterity. As we hold aloft our *Lamps*, lit by faith in God, our country and ourselves, we ask not that men should hear our good talk, should admire our good clothes or our jewels (the trappings of ephemeral and material prosperity) or should take account of our rank or social status, but that they should "see our good works." The works may be of trifling magnitude or importance. They may involve no more than giving a drink of cold water to a thirsty living creature, carrying a burden for a weary pedestrian or helping a child across a city street. However humble, these altruistic tasks have their value, which is enhanced if characterised by unobtrusive self-effacing modesty. The self-imposed tasks of a T.O.C. comrade may appear trifling, but if they convey human happiness, are cheerfully performed and their motive is a righteous

one, they will assuredly bless both "him who gives and him who takes." Cheerfulness is of the very essence of those who profess the Toc H Gospel. The Lamp that we carry in our hands in an environment of darkness at least illumines our faces. Let them be suffused with the joy of selfless well-doing and the incomparable happiness which flows from making others happy, without any prospect of resulting benefit to ourselves. We are, as I say, engaged in a war which calls for common service and trustful comradeship. It is this War whose weapons are practical sympathy and mutual helpfulness, based on the will to love and to serve, rather than on the inclination to shun, to suspect and to "pass by on the other side," which, if we fight hopefully, courageously and steadfastly, will verily prove to be the "War that will end War, and that will replace the Hymn of Hate with a Paean of Love and a harmonious chant of perpetual Peace. "Peace on Earth, goodwill towards Man" is the song which was sung by the Heavenly Host on the first Christmas Morn more than 1,930 years ago and, if we want to be "on the side of the angels" we shall make it our song too and do all that lies in our power to make it a reality on God's beautiful earth. The power which our Toc H Family possesses, by virtue of its sincerity, its adherence to principle, its detachment from the world's sordid controversies and its happy comradeship, to advance this great Christian ideal is immense. Brothers and sisters, let us not fail to exercise it. Let us not be content with nebulous aspirations and the verbal profession of our good intentions, but let us each take an active part—be it great or small—in maintaining the ethical standard and the spiritual joy of the community among whom we live and move. In the words of Charles Kingsley, let us

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

The New Zealand Festival

An excellent impression of the Dominion Festival on November 24-25 reaches us in a letter to Paul Slessor at H.Q. from his son Andrew, a New Zealand member:—

As we were in Wellington we stayed over the week-end for the first Dominion Toc H Festival. It was a huge success from start to finish, and has been a wonderful experience. As I had been appointed to the privilege of carrying our Rushlight, I went up to Wellington College, where the Guest-night was to be held, at 1.45 on Saturday for a rehearsal of the procession. It was quite like going back to school! We all sat down in a class-room while Herbert (Leggate), full of fun but deadly serious, drew diagrams on the blackboard and told us just what to do. At 3 o'clock the whole Family, about 250 strong, assembled for afternoon tea at Government House. We were all presented

to Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Bledisloe, who were delightful and wandered round chatting with us all—a most pleasant informal affair altogether and a most excellent way of mixing and getting to know one another. We then gradually dispersed and at 5 o'clock reassembled at St. Mark's Church for the Festival Service of Thanksgiving: it was a most beautiful service at which Owen Williams, Dominion Padre, gave a very fine address.

Tea at 6.30 in the Basin Reserve Pavilion was a most cheery affair. Then at 8 o'clock came the big Guest-night in the Wellington College Memorial Hall. It is a magnificent building, holding about 850 people, and was

packed. Their Excellencies were present, and the whole evening was very much like other Guest-nights. At the close came the procession of Lamps, Rush-lights and Banners and the Ceremony of Light. I think it was quite the most impressive moment of the whole week-end. At the platform end of the hall is a very fine stained-glass window representing 'Youth,' and after the lights had been dimmed out this window was flood-lit from outside, and, with the Lamps and Rushlights of forty-two units grouped below it, was, from all accounts, a very impressive sight (I was dying to turn round and look at it, but if we had all done that it would have spoilt the effect of stillness!) His excellency took the Ceremony in a very clear, strong, voice. The whole evening's proceedings were broadcast by 27a, and I believe went over very well. Bardie Olphert* did the commentary.

Sunday morning opened with early Communion services. I could not get to the service at 11 a.m., with Festival 'preachment' by Herbert. Lunch at the Pavilion and more mixing together; then, at 3 o'clock, the Family Gathering, the most cheery meeting of all. Herbert was in tremendous form. Sitting on a chair set upon a table and labelled "The Seat of the Mighty Atom," he let forth with his vast voice and huge

grin. He hadn't been going more than five minutes when he burst his collar-stud, and off came his dog-collar and black front. In between songs he called up all the members of 'Domex' (*the Dominion Executive*) and other prominent Toc H folk whom we all knew by name and reputation but had few of us seen, and introduced them with humorous remarks; he kept us in fits of laughter. Each victim replied or not, as he felt inclined. There was a wonderful spirit in the gathering. One minute we were at the top of hilarity and the next singing quietly a well-known hymn, followed by serious words—a pause, and then more fun and laughter. There was a wonderful, spontaneous mixture in it all which seemed quite natural. Herbert wound up with some very telling words, and then we had Family Prayers and a hymn specially written by a Toc H member for the occasion.

There were forty-two Branches and Groups represented, from Auckland to the Bluff. Some of the chaps had travelled most of Friday and Friday night, and left immediately after tea on Sunday to travel home through Sunday night and Monday. Truly a memorable gathering and one that we all feel has done an immense amount of good. Herbert is just wonderful and has given untold help to the whole family in N.Z.

THE YEAR IN L.W.H.

The following are extracts taken from the Annual Report of the Toc H League of Women Helpers for the year 1933/34. We are indebted to L.W.H. for the summary.

THE Report begins by expressing a desire to pick up the "masses and masses of people" who exist in our great, crowded cities and to give them instead a view of sun and sky. "Picking people up and giving them a different view-point from which to see themselves and their surroundings; changing the individual outlook or giving it fresh scope for expression, these are the things that count in the plan of our Movement, the things that lie behind."

* * * *

The period under review began last October when we faced the beginning of our financial year with our small battery of Staff enlarged to five, and a move to larger premises imminent. We were hopeful of making it a year of experiment if not of expansion—of the former you will hear, the latter comes without our seeking. First the great Money Question loomed large, and though the Treasurer's report will really deal with this, a reference here is necessary. There was naturally some nervousness about the

* While in England last year, Bardie Olphert acted as Western Area Secretary, living at Mark IX.

ability of our resources to meet the demands of increasing activity, and it had been decided to ask the advice of Toc H on financial matters. As a result, and also as an expression of their willingness to co-operate in practical ways, they have undertaken to lend us an accountant once a quarter to go into our books, give us a statement of our position, and advise upon it. This has proved extremely useful, and we are very grateful.

The Report next deals with the placing of the small Staff with which we are provided and their work up and down the country throughout the year.

Up till now all Area work had been voluntary, and much of it consequently never attempted. London was one of the Areas for whom a voluntary secretary had never been found, and it was decided now to put in the first whole time Area Secretary, and to put her in London. A year's work has shown how necessary it was, and Miss Potter, who was appointed last September, will continue for the present as London Area Secretary.

The three staff available for travelling in this country were used in the following ways:— Mrs. Halliley spent periods from one to three months in districts where there was special need for help or where development was taking place rapidly. These districts were East Yorks, Bournemouth, Liverpool, Leeds and Swansea.

Monica Hill continued the method of short tours with the car, visiting Kent, Sussex, Thames Valley and the Eastern Area, and spending a longer time in the Northern Area. In the middle of July she had to be released from travelling to take over the task of organising the Lamp Lighting Festival.

Gertrude Bolton was used partly at Headquarters to help with general organisation, and to fit in odd visits and do short tours as occasion arose. Actually every Area has been touched in some way by the travellers, and some to a considerable extent; but it is on the whole a clumsy method of maintaining contact, and not the most economical. The breakdown in our original plans has come about through failure to staff the Areas and

Districts adequately with voluntary people. We have to face the fact that Area office-bearing involves so much work and time for women with other jobs to do, be these wage-earning or home responsibility, that we cannot continue to run the larger and rapidly developing areas in this way. If the building brought precariously to its present condition is not to collapse we must take careful well-planned steps in organisation, and probably one of the first will be to repeat the London experiment and put in another whole-time Area Secretary. How far this will be possible, and whether it can be followed up by other similar steps depends again on the determination of the membership that their part of the Toc H family shall be sound and worthy and that they themselves will shoulder a full share of the responsibility. Meanwhile, we must make more experiments in trying to enlist voluntary help in Areas from people who have the time to give.

L.W.H. overseas, unfortunately, has had to content itself with correspondence, but a great deal of most valuable help has been given to them by Toc H Staff in the various countries—by Padre Holmes in Canada, Padre Owen Watkins and Geoff. Martin in South Africa, where also the Founder Padre was able to give time to some L.W.H. units, Mr. Calkin, Mr. Greenacre and Mr. Wraith in Australia, and Padre Leggate in New Zealand.

At this point some of those statistics usual to Annual Reports might make their appearance. The total number of units is 288—236 in the United Kingdom and 52 Overseas. Branches number 102 and 14 respectively. Twenty-nine groups received promotion to Branch status this year; nineteen new ones were sanctioned, and eight cancelled. New members for the year number about 850, and the total membership is roughly 5,000. A comparison of the number of members to Staff will make our requests for increase of the latter not seem unreasonable.

The Areas; Apart from London, which now has an Area Council formed on the elective and selective principle advocated at the Central Conference in 1933, the organisa-

tion in Areas remains practically in the same state. There are rudimentary Area Councils in some, but the main effort has been to get District Committees working effectively on team lines, and this is gradually coming about.

The Joint Advisory Committees which have been set up in several Areas continue in most cases to prove very useful though there is much still to be learnt about the possibilities of their work.

Conferences; The plan tried out last year was followed again, and a Central Conference attended by the Central Executive Committee, Staff and Hon. Area office-bearers was held at Pierhead House in May followed by Regional Conferences in different parts of the country for District office-bearers.

Toc H; An arrangement has been made, in order to ensure full co-operation with Toc H and no unconscious interference with Toc H plans, by which the Hon. Administrator of Toc H is kept fully informed of the plans made by L.W.H. Headquarters.

Associates; A roll of Associates is being built up and many who wish to become friends of the movement, but not actual members, may help in this way.

New June; The New June was re-opened at the end of September last year, although the workmen did not leave it until some time after that. For the first three months there was still a great deal of work going on which prevented it from filling up with hostellers. In January, however, every room was filled, and ever since then not only have the rooms for permanent residents (seven) been continually occupied, but the Guest Room (which holds two) has also been in

great demand. The number of visitors who have used the house, for long or short visits, since January 1st is nearly one hundred. In addition to this a great many members have used it for meals at odd times.

On February 21st H.R.H. the Duchess of York visited the house, unveiling the sign over the door and exploring it from top to bottom, speaking to the hostellers, and joining in the Midday Prayers which the Founder Padre took in the Club Room . . . The house becomes increasingly active in all sorts of ways connected with Toc H, the L.W.H. and All Hallows, and is becoming of great value in this respect. Members from Overseas and from other parts of the country find New June an inspiring centre from which to see something of Toc H.

The rest of the Report deals with Pilgrimages to the Old House, of which the L.W.H. had three, two of them being selective, one for younger members and the other for Area and District office-bearers; the Festival, of which an account was printed in the December number of the JOURNAL, when the Lamps of twenty-nine new Branches were lit by the Patroness, H.R.H. the Duchess of York; Guiding activities in the L.W.H.; and the launching of the venture on Tyneside. This is a plan whereby the L.W.H. will send a woman to live and help in the little town of Felling-on-Tyne, and the money for the first year's working of which has already been raised amongst friends of the L.W.H.

The Report in full may be obtained by sending to L.W.H. Headquarters, 28, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.3, for the January number of *The Log*, to which it is a supplement.



THE SCHOOLS' CONFERENCE, 1935

THE annual conference of Toc H Schools' Correspondents took place at Mark I on the afternoon of January 7. General Sir ARNOLD SILLEM, as usual, took the chair with a graceful efficiency which his fellow members in some other quarters have long known. He presided over a meeting which was swollen to its appreciable size by the presence of members from the H.Q. Staff and Areas interested in this side of Toc H work.

G. K. TATTERSALL (Schools' Secretary) opened the ball with his report for the year. In this he gave a direct and "no mincing matters" review of the Schools' work during the past year.

After a graceful tribute to HUBERT SECRETAN and a welcome to PAUL SLESSOR, he attacked the certain apathy among correspondents which had stunted support for a Training Course in Boys' Club work, an Industrial Tour and an offer made to the Schools in connection with a special number of the JOURNAL dealing with Housing. Similarly the Boys' Summer Camps had not been well supported. This apathy was lamentable in the face of HUBERT SECRETAN's warning at the previous conference. *"There were obvious signs of a growing bitterness arising from the fact that the schoolboy and the working boy did not know each other. The latter though often endowed with intelligence and leadership, had frequently to be content with the meanest routine job or none at all. Those present could not directly affect that part of the problem but the important question for them was whether the working boy should get his ideas of the schoolboy from personal acquaintanceship or from hearsay. . . The situation was one in which there was need for hurry. The important thing is to do something, however small."*

In discussing the day-schools, TATTERSALL went on to say that the 'special Guest-nights' had proved a failure as they did not break down barriers. The ideal way was that of arranging for a few senior boys to take some small part in Toc H jobs alongside ordinary unit members during the holidays.

This Report was followed by a deeply interesting account, read by C. LEWIS of TRENT COLLEGE, of a visit to Leicester, in which public schoolboy and unemployed spent a week-end together. This talk is printed on page 64 and will tell its own tale.

COL. E. C. BROWN (Hon. Secretary for Toc H in the Services), CAPT. W. G. BEDDALL (R.M.C. Sandhurst) and the Rev. F. P. MORLEY (Halton, Bucks) gave a trio round about the tea interval, on Toc H work in the Services. COL. BROWN outlined the present situation: CAPT. BEDDALL, the valuable work the Toc H circles in the military colleges can do with the young cadet, and he urged correspondents scrupulously to put these youngsters into touch with these circles. Padre MORLEY explained the special characteristics of Halton.

The special claims of the OVERSEAS OFFICE in connection with schoolboys going into jobs overseas were greatly stressed by the Rev. W. J. BENSLEY (a late Housemaster of Sherborne) and now of that office. He assured correspondents that the OVERSEAS OFFICE gave both valuable geographical, physical and sociological advice about any particular country, and put youngsters outward-bound wise to the probable pitfalls they might meet, and by way of prevention also put them in touch with Toc H members in that country. And this was done without any obligation on the part of the youngsters to think more of Toc H or to join it. PAUL SLESSOR then displayed a proposed notice for school notice-boards and magazines.

The conference closed with a short talk by HUBERT SECRETAN on the constructive work of Toc H to-day throughout the world, but this is not the place to forestall him and reveal his facts. The tragedy of the conference was that there were not more correspondents present to hear him.

This is a common fact. There are no doubt many valid reasons why some cannot come—colds and rest-cures—but there are the luke-warm; and calculating those attending with

the 262 connections which Toc H has with the schools, the luke-warm would seem to be about 150. We would, however, urge them to read the Conference Report they receive,

and also remind them that vital issues personally discussed by a body of men who have some power of solution within their grasp, is better than the idle scrutiny of Reports.

A WAY OF UNDERSTANDING

A report by C. H. LEWIS, Toc H Correspondent at Trent College, on an experiment undertaken during the week-end of July 20-22 last year greatly interested the Schools Conference (see above) and should be of practical value to other Schools and Areas.

"I SHOULD think," wrote George Gissing, "no European country can show such a gap as yawns to the eye between the English gentleman and the English boor." Only when relieved of his presence can George Gissing remember that the boor's virtues are "the same, to a great extent, as those of the well-bred man." It seems a strange doctrine that understanding improves with distance, and I think that most people will agree with me that if familiarity breeds contempt, unfamiliarity breeds something worse. Fortunately Toc H has not to deal with a world of George Gissings, and some schoolmasters still dare to hope that in England a class-war may be avoided! At least many of them have felt in the midst of their pedagogic labours that it is absurd to teach their pupils the details of life in ancient Greece or under William the Conqueror, when they learn nothing of life around them. There is much emphasis nowadays on "Education for Citizenship," but it is not always clear what that phrase means. Sometimes it is called 'Civics' and seems to involve a detailed study of the drainage system of the local authority; sometimes it seems merely to mean belonging to the League of Nations Union. I suggest that it includes some appreciation of the value of various classes to the community.

This is where Toc H comes in. "Abandon rank all ye who enter here" means something more than eating sandwiches off the same plate as the local postman at a Toc H Guest-night. It means realising the value in the world of every individual, whatever his position, and of every class, rich and poor. It is the lesson, it seems to me, of Christianity, and the basis of my personal belief in

Democracy. The trip which I am to describe proved to me that Toc H can give boys (and masters) an understanding of other people's lives and problems which they can get nowhere else. I should like to emphasise the word *understanding*, and to contrast it with *knowledge*. To *know* how the unemployed live—the amount of dole they receive, the state of the houses they live in—is quite different from *understanding* their lives. It is difficult for a boy to translate facts and figures into terms of everyday life: to him 17/- a week would mean a never-ending orgy in the tuckshop, and sleeping five in a room only reminds him of his dormitory, where there are fifteen. But though his imagination is limited he is interested in other people when he meets them at first-hand. Above all, he is not a snob—only terribly shy. Our week-end gave the boys a chance to overcome this shyness, and to understand a little their fellows in another sphere. I should like to spend a few moments explaining how the plan originated.

At Trent, as at many other schools, Toc H tried to interest the boys in social problems through occasional lectures and an annual one-day 'industrial tour.' One such tour I remember included visits to a Juvenile Employment Exchange, an occupational centre, a Salvation Army hostel, an unemployed men's club, some slums, and a modern hosiery factory. There is no doubt that the boys were interested, but very few of them felt a desire to *do* anything, and most of them remembered chiefly the ingenious weaving machines they saw making bathing-costumes. Now I am quite aware that the industrial tour is only meant to prepare the way, and

that it is hoped to rouse the boys' practical interest by other means. The trouble was that I could not see any satisfactory means being used to 'follow up' the tour, nor could I suggest any. The tour, I felt, was likely to disappear in a schoolboy's memories because it did not make one definite point in what a well-known history book would call a 'memorable' way. And here, too, I must venture to criticise Toc H itself. I have been to a good many Schools' Guest-nights in various places, but I have yet to go to a really effective one. It is not the speakers I complain of (a few of them have been good!) but the whole idea has always seemed to me wrong. We do not all enjoy community singing, and hearing the Jobmaster reading out a list of jobs tackled is inclined to put the schoolboy immediately on his guard, for he is most suspicious of complacency or "good works." I feel sure that the boys most worth having would not be attracted—might even be antagonised—by some of the Guest-nights I have attended.

To return to our industrial tour—after the day I have described I put my criticisms to the energetic Area Secretary who had arranged it. He not unnaturally asked me for some more constructive suggestions, but I could only ask for a more thorough study of *one* problem, and agree with him that one day was too short for anything very big to be done. We agreed to attempt a week-end or two-day trip the following year, if the authorities were willing.

Before our next expedition was due he wrote to me again asking for suggestions. It happened that I had just been discussing with the Sixth-form the Housing Problem and a book called *Memoirs of the Unemployed*, a book giving first-hand accounts of the struggles for existence of out-of-work men and their families. The boys were obviously so interested that I wrote to the Secretary telling him about it, and asked rather vaguely whether we couldn't see something of efforts to deal with the unemployment problem, and if possible meet some of the unemployed themselves. From this vague request he developed the programme of our week-end, and I may say now that when my

Headmaster saw the extraordinarily good programme Alan Cowling had worked out he gave the plan at once his enthusiastic support.

The idea was for a dozen boys from Trent to spend a week-end at the Toc H Mark in Leicester, and to attend some lectures on social problems—particularly unemployment and housing—in the company of a dozen of the unemployed themselves. Plenty of opportunity was to be given for the two groups to mix and get to know one another, and in fact this was to be really more important than the lectures. Obviously there was one great risk—that the boys might *not* mix and the whole scheme prove a complete fiasco. Probably if this had happened it would have been worse than nothing at all, for I can imagine nothing more miserable for everyone than a week-end spent with a number of self-conscious youths who have tried to understand one another but can't. I must admit the prospect gave me several anxious moments. However, the plan seemed to have possibilities which made it worth trying.

In the first place, the boys would meet on terms of absolute equality. I think this is essential for real understanding; there must be no patronising and no false pride on either side. Experience in boys' clubs, for example, does not put both parties on equal terms, and therefore I think makes understanding difficult. And some mixed holiday camps, too, ('mixed' applies to the members' social positions, not their sex), defeat their own object because they purposely conceal the differences between the members. That all men are the same in shorts or bathing-costumes is a truism which has no value; I think it is far more important to realise the differences between men, and to try to understand them.

Secondly, we felt sure that the boys would get to know each other better through having something serious to think about and to discuss. When enjoyment and games are one's only object, these vital differences and the problems behind them are ignored. It is pleasant to have memories of cheery times spent in one of the camps I have mentioned,

but it does not help one to understand the lives of other people met outside the camp. We therefore hoped that our week-end would enable schoolboys and unemployed to meet on really equal terms—equal because there was a frank recognition of the differences between them, and a real attempt not to conceal but to understand those differences. As we shall see later, the experiment brought quite as much enlightenment to the unemployed as it did to the others!

The week-end was therefore arranged for the end of the summer term—after exams. The programme I shall deal with in detail, but perhaps a word should be said first about organisation and cost. Cost in particular was important, for we did not feel justified in asking parents to advance large sums for this experiment. We were going to Leicester, which is 24 miles from Trent, so a certain amount had to go in transport. There were twelve of my boys and eventually ten unemployed who came to the week-end as our guests. The local Branch of the L.W.H. provided our meals at cost price in their meeting room, and we fed excellently at just under 6d. a head per meal. Lodging we obtained free, as the Toc H Mark put us up on camp beds, while the unemployed, of course, slept at home. The total cost for my boys, including acting as hosts to the unemployed, was 10/- each.

After the programme and cost had been arranged came the problem of choosing the right boys. Obviously the personnel make or mar an expedition of this kind, and I shall have more to say about that later. Eventually we set out in search of understanding on Friday evening, July 20. The week-end is, I think, worth following in some detail.

Meeting at the Mark in Leicester at seven on Friday evening we went immediately to Braunstone, a Leicester suburb, for the first lecture in the Toc H room there. The boys, of course, were still very self-conscious, but I think that feeling was shortly almost overwhelmed by another—surprise: surprise that the lecture was so interesting! The speaker was Mr. H. A. Silverman, Director of the Vaughan College, Leicester, and he made it

his business to outline the social problems which we were to study. He began by discussing the economic problems which have created our social problems, and he pointed out the possibilities of unemployment if distributed and re-named leisure. He then described the attempts of the State to deal with these problems, and emphasised the fact that the State social services are not enough. There was a danger, he said, of people losing a sense of responsibility, and feeling when they had paid their taxes that their share was done. This was not so; sometimes six pennyworth of personal service might be worth half-a-crown'sworth of public service. The unemployed needed something more than satisfaction for their physical needs: man could not live by bread alone.

The conclusion of this talk found the boys extremely silent, but I gathered later that the speaker had been very stimulating. In particular, his analysis of the causes of the present discontents had fascinated both unemployed and school-boy alike, and I do not think a better introduction to the week-end could have been found.

Saturday morning found one problem still undecided—how the two parties were going to mix. I am glad to say that it was settled favourably during the day. And here is a point for organisers of similar tours—the boys got to know each other not at the formal meetings, nor even primarily at meal-times, but on the journeys from one place to another. Walking in groups through Leicester, or catching trams in great hordes, mixed the groups as effectively as the ingredients of a cocktail. And we had another advantage which could not, however, always be secured—the week-end coincided with a Test Match. This provided a topic of conversation for all occasions, and I almost wrote to thank Grimmert and O'Reilly (to say nothing of Larwood and Voce!) for their invaluable assistance.

After breakfast on Saturday we met again in the Mark to hear Mr. P. J. Lupton, the Secretary of Leicester Social Council and the organiser of our party of unemployed. He dealt with the "Social problem of unem-

ployment," giving us a close-up of one corner of Mr. Silverman's wide canvas. He wisely did not hesitate to give facts and figures with which our unemployed friends must have been only too familiar, and he illustrated the details of Benefit and Transitional Payment and Relief with actual cases which filled some of us with horror. In this age of reason, when so many things have been not only explained but explained away, I think an occasional appeal to the heart is all to the good. It was at least interesting to know that it is possible to-day for a young man to be entirely dependent on the pension and earnings of his seventy-year-old grandmother, who goes 'charing,' not because she wants to but because she has been told she must by the Relief Officer.

But it would be unfair to give the impression that Mr. Lupton dealt in sentimentalities; on the contrary, the picture he gave showed us our unemployed in their real circumstances, a fact which was proved by their contributions to the discussion which followed. Thus when Mr. Lupton had described the psychological effects of unemployment—the loss of hope, the gradual sinking into unemployability—his words were confirmed by one of our party who had been thrown out of work by the closing down of a factory. He told us, without bitterness but with grim honesty, of the despair which had enveloped him, and gave Mr. Lupton an unsolicited testimonial by talking of the difference to his life the Mutual Service Club had made. We learned the various ways in which these clubs attempted to give the men an interest and a pride in life, and the opportunities the work of the Social Councils gave for personal service.

The boys again proved keenly interested in the new problems revealed to them, and I think it was now that the party began to mix really well. They had something concrete to talk about, and the unemployed described their experiences without embarrassment on either side. Walking down to the Occupational Centre afterwards I saw several animated conversations in progress, and at the Centre itself there seemed to be

very little shyness. In fact, the men working there surprised us both by their ingenuity and their frankness. And we saw how even a hobby gives a man a real interest in life: a model-yacht maker had spent two days wandering round the town looking for just the correct block for his rigging. The pride with which he displayed it showed the enthusiasm he had preserved.

Saturday afternoon was spent in a variety of ways, some of the party going to visit slum districts in Leicester, and some to a Toc H garden party. From our point of view the latter was not a success and the visit should not be repeated!

On Saturday evening we met again at Braunstone to hear Peter Newman, the Leicester Toc H pilot, on problems created by a new housing estate. One of the unemployed who lived at Braunstone took us over his house, and we saw the attempts to provide decent places for people to live in; Mr. Newman then dealt with the need for 'home-building' as well as 'housing.' He showed us that the municipal authorities ignored the need for companionship when they transplanted great hordes of people but gave them no community centre, but he also showed the difficulty Toc H had met in trying to start a movement to secure a centre at Braunstone. They had been, in fact, almost trying to help people against their will! This lecture led to another discussion in which the point arose that perhaps town councils were apt to interpret the needs of the people merely as a need for elementary education. The walk back through Leicester confirmed my earlier opinion—that there was now no shyness at all, and though there was, of course, no further play in the Test Match during our week-end, it was fortunately not needed.

Sunday was our last day, and began most delightfully with a visit to the Brand, Loughborough, the country home of our next speaker, Lt.-Colonel R. E. Martin, chairman of the East Midlands Area Executive. He took us round his beautiful garden, and then we sat down beneath the trees while he talked of the challenge of personal service to youth. He spoke of the great need now-

adays to think of others, and of the chance young men had to better the whole world not only physically but spiritually. Above all he pleaded for the union of all types and classes for an attempt to solve our social problems in ways which had perhaps been shown us during the week-end.

The early part of Sunday afternoon the boys spent exploring the city in groups, the unemployed acting as guides. They had arranged their own parties, and I heard afterwards that many of them had been over houses in the slum districts, in this and other ways gaining first-hand experience of other people and their lives. Afterwards we met again for tea and talk, and discussed various points which had arisen. We had a picture of an unemployed lad's humiliation in a house where the others are working; we heard the penetrating comment from one of them that people might be more sympathetic if all the unemployed instead of trying to keep cheerful stood and wept at street corners.

But you will be more interested in the general effects of the week-end, so let me try to sum them up. First, on the unemployed: I have unfortunately not seen their leader or any of them since the trip, so you must judge by remarks made at the time. Said one: "I've found no difference between us and the Trent boys, which is a shock after what certain authors teach us. Couldn't this sort of thing happen oftener? It would enable employers to understand their men better if they sometimes met them on equal terms. But it's the upper class," he added, "which must do the mixing, we can't go among them without feeling uncomfortable, while they *can* come among us." Another said that for the first time he realised social service was not condescension; while the friendly feeling in the party was shown by the remark: "Next time I hear chaps talking about the idle rich I can say 'You're all wrong. I know—because I've met 'em!'"

The Trent boys did not put their feelings so clearly into words at the time, but their reactions, and the private reports some of them made out for me afterwards, were most encouraging. Nearly all of them expressed

great enthusiasm for the trip, and I think it really had opened their eyes to a new world. For they had met and got to know these people in their real surroundings; they saw the differences between their own chances and the unemployed's, and they saw the similarities between them as human beings. In short they learned sympathy. The unemployment problem no longer means to them only a set of abstract, dull, statistics. It made them realise, too, the need for personal service; and though I personally would consider the trip a success merely because it helped understanding between two classes as nothing else could do, yet I think Toc H will find such expeditions also very helpful in getting boys to think of others.

Perhaps I should close with the remarks I promised about the choice of personnel. Mr. Lupton chose his unemployed as well as Alan Cowling chose his lecturers (which is saying a good deal), but I recommend one point in choosing the schoolboys. Take, of course, the older and more interested boys, but also try to prepare the way. Three of the boys I took were senior boys who were leaving that term but who were not in the Sixth Form. They were noticeably less appreciative than the others—they were willing enough, but they did not understand. This may be partly due to a difference in intelligence, but I think it is also due to the fact that the Sixth were accustomed to thinking a little about social problems.

Lastly, there is the question again of the 'follow-up.' Our week-end came at the end of term, otherwise I should certainly have tried to get the unemployed to Trent to see how *we* lived. I am sure this would have maintained the interest and friendship created, and would have been extremely popular. But even as it was, may I recommend this sort of experiment to others? I am sure it is well worth while; the value to the boys and to the unemployed was enormous, as one of the unemployed meant when he said "The value of this week-end has been . . . has been . . . infinitesimal!"

C. H. L.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

T. W. MacGibbon: Tower Hill Branch

The Branch have most sadly to regret the death of THOMAS MACGIBBON which took place on Sunday, January 13. He was not only one of the first, but to the end one of the most faithful members of the Branch. He was also a loyal servant to All Hallows.

Ronald Cole: Highams Park Group

RONALD COLE was sometime jobmaster of

the Group. His death as the result of a street accident has robbed his fellows of a much loved personality and an unassuming and practical mind.

William Farnwood: Blackburn Branch

The Branch record the loss after a long and painful illness of WILLIAM FARNWOOD. He was looked upon among them, as a real friend whose inspiration is still with them.

"OLD HEIDELBERG"

THE Drama League is to be congratulated upon the two performances of *Old Heidelberg* given at Sadlers Wells and the Old Vic on the nights of November 26 and 27 respectively. They are not to be congratulated upon their choice of play. '*Old Heidelberg*' is one of those hybrid pre-war works which combine the expansiveness of 'Sardoodledom' with the sticky sweets of Romance. Psychology is left out of the composition.

As a result a play of this kind is a challenge to the actors in it. They have to create from dry bones. The great dramatists already do this in their texts; the word only waits for the voice to speak it, and the mind to charge the actor's limbs with the interpretative meaning it suggests; the actor stands or falls at the curtain by the depth of himself as a medium. But in plays "*Sardoodle*" the actor proves his own resource. He creates, by carefully thought-out stage behaviour, a personality of the character which he portrays; his performance becoming a study in histrionics and not an exhibition of them. From this standpoint, the most successful performances in '*Old Heidelberg*' came from Miss Joy Statham as *Kathie*; Miss Kathleen Lilly as the old Aunt; Mr. Ellis Reynolds as *Dr. Juttner* and Mr. Alfred Farmer as the ancient *Kellerman*. These gave splendid performances, *Kellerman* perhaps in Act IV., stepping out of the framework of true character to get laughter across

the footlights. This, however, was pardonable in a play devoid of a single jest.

Richard Lleuellyn gave a consistent study in manner, of the stage-stock character of the self-important valet *Lutz*. The other smaller parts; the fussy innkeeper *Ruder*, *Graf von Asterberg*, a somewhat loose actor; the Court officials and the student parts were very adequately played.

Mr. Denys Buckley's interpretation of the *Prince* was a victory over a difficult part, one which is artificial, at times priggish, and almost wholly unreal. The actor gets a bad deal from his dramatist. In face of this, it may be carping to accuse Mr. Buckley of an occasional monotony of gesture, too glib a stage manner, and a voice which would have wracked with *Hamlet* in the bad old days of Shakespearean production. But apart from these errors of technique, Mr. Buckley ought to have a medal for looking at the part at all.

The greatest credit of all goes to Mr. J. C. Ledward the producer. This play has five Acts! But the pace and development of the performance was extremely well made. The team work was excellent, and the student scenes were very well managed. As usual this was a very high standard of production and *Toc H* readers will be glad to know that due to it, the Police Court Mission benefits by approximately £350. Next time, we hope for even better results; and, as formerly, a play worth doing.

POPERINGHE PILGRIMAGES, 1935

IN the last four years a great number of pilgrimages have been made to Talbot House, Poperinghe, displaying much variety in the size and composition of their parties and the arrangement of their programmes. Experience indicates certain points on which most leaders and members of parties agree:

(a) The most successful parties are those whose members are chosen and invited by the Area Staff—not taken haphazard. A pilgrimage is not a mere “week-end abroad,” but offers an unrivalled chance for intimate fellowship and real training to men, who, in various ways, may be called upon to help lead Toc H now or later.

The fact that a member who ought to go may not be able to afford the cost, should never be allowed to stand in his way. Most Areas and many units have already been able, quite privately, to help members thus situated to join their pilgrimages, and a small Guest Fund, accumulated by the thankofferings of members and other visitors, is administered by the Old House Committee for the purpose. Such help is in accordance with the family spirit of Toc H and those to whom it is offered should feel no difficulty in taking it.

(b) The best size for a party is 25 to 30 members. There are 25 beds in Talbot House; extra beds can be had at Skindles and elsewhere in Poperinghe. But more than 25 to 30 cannot get the best out of the House at one time, or be conveniently conducted in the Salient.

(c) The ideal party has the right mixture of young and older members. It will usually be mainly post-war, but there should be enough ex-service membership to interpret the Old House and the changed battlefield. Neither without the other can accomplish the whole aim of a pilgrimage at present.

(d) A party is wise to make a programme and stick to it as far as possible. There is a danger of trying to do too much (members arrive on Saturday in Poperinghe and have to go to work on Monday after nights on the boat—sometimes bad nights). There is also a danger of wasting valuable time by

having no plan. In one case the pilgrims are too tired, in the other too bored, to get the best out of their visit; for this reason, a specimen programme, purely as a guide, can be supplied by the Pilgrimage Secretary.

(e) Parties should prepare for their visit. In any case, every Toc H member should have read *Tales of Talbot House* long before. The pilgrim should not fail to read *The Salient Facts*, by Padre Woolley and Tubby, and *The Old House—A Handbook for Pilgrims*; sixpence each from Headquarters, from All Hallows, or the Old House.

(f) One mid-week pilgrimage has been allotted for Branch and Group Padres who are unable to share the experience of accompanying members of their local unit on a week-end pilgrimage. Padres wishing to go should write direct to the Administrative Padre at 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1. Inclusive cost, £3 13s. 0d. Passports are essential.

For Information and Necessary Action

1. ROUTES FROM LONDON: (a) *At any time*—Victoria (dep., Friday, 11 p.m.) or Charing Cross (dep., Friday, 7.15 p.m.) *via* Folkestone to Dunkirk; thence by motor-bus to Poperinghe. Return from Poperinghe, Sunday, 10.30 p.m., arriving Victoria, Monday, 7.40 a.m.

(b) *Between June 15 and September 15 only*—Liverpool Street (dep., Friday, 8.30 p.m.) *via* Harwich to Zeebrugge; thence by motor-bus (2 hours) to Poperinghe. Return from Poperinghe, Sunday, 9 p.m., arriving Liverpool Street, Monday, 8 a.m.

2. COST: As far as can be ascertained, owing to the uncertainties of Exchange, the inclusive cost will be £3/3/0 per head by either route, London to London. Area Secretaries will confirm locally as to whether it will be more convenient and cheaper to join the boat by direct train to Harwich, and inform the Pilgrimage Secretary. The inclusive cost, Harwich to Harwich will be £2/18/0. For Special Rates for Pilgrimages other than at week-ends, apply to the Pilgrimage Secretary.

3. NUMBERS: Area Secretaries will inform the Pilgrimage Secretary as early as possible in advance of the number of members travelling and the number of berths required.

4. PAYMENT: Area Secretaries will forward the amount necessary to the Registrar at 47, Francis Street, S.W.1, at least three days prior to the Pilgrimage: the serial number of the Pilgrimage (see list above) should be clearly given in the covering letter. Cheques must be drawn in favour of 'Toc H Incorporated' and crossed 'Barclays Bank.'

5. EXTRA STAY, etc.: Members remaining in Popringhe beyond the normal Pilgrimage period or wishing to stay in the Old House at other times should apply in advance to the Pilgrimage Secretary for cost and tickets. (The cost quoted above covers Friday to Monday).

6. PASSPORTS: No passports are needed for the week-end (between Friday and Tuesday evenings). Beyond that a passport is essential—apply to the Passport Office, 1, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, London, S.W.1; fee 15s.

7. OVERSEAS MEMBERS, who happen to be in England or on the Continent are cordially welcome to join any Pilgrimage on application to the Pilgrimage Secretary.

8. PADRES, Anglican or Free Church, will find Communion vessels, robes, vestments and other needs provided in the Upper Room.

9. 'UNOFFICIAL' PILGRIMAGES: Talbot House is naturally open at all times for the visits of Toc H members—with such restrictions as the presence of regular Pilgrimage parties may demand. The Old House Committee deprecates independent parties, unprepared and unled.

10. LIBRARY BOOKS: Some pilgrims have made it a practice to bring with them a book

to present to the library of the Old House. The Old House Committee wish to welcome and encourage this habit, especially as regards books of post-war prose and poetry of merit.

11. The Old House has now a complete heating installation. It is suggested therefore that Pilgrimages could be advantageously undertaken between September and March.

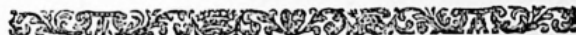
12. INFORMATION: All enquiries with regard to the Old House should be addressed to The Pilgrimage Secretary, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

PAUL SLESSOR.

Provisional Pilgrimages Dates, 1935

Area Secretaries may change the dates allotted to their Area by direct arrangement with other Area Secretaries, but the Pilgrimage Secretary must be informed of any change.

1. March 22—25	-	-	Still open.
2. March 29—April 1	-	-	Still open.
3. April 5—8	-	-	Experimental Area.
4. April 12—15	-	-	Still open.
5. Thurs. 18—Tues. 23,			
April (Easter)	-	-	Still open.
6. April 26—29	-	-	Being arranged.
7. May 3—6	-	-	London.
8. May 10—13	-	-	Being arranged.
9. May 17—20	-	-	Eastern.
10. May 24—27	-	-	South Western.
11. May 31—June 3	-	-	South Eastern.
12. June 7 — Tues., 11			
(Whitsun)	-	-	North Western (incl. Lakeland, Ireland).
13. June 14—17	-	-	West Midlands.
14. June 21—24	-	-	Yorks. (both Areas).
15. June 28—July 1	-	-	W. & S. Wales.
16. July 5—8	-	-	Southern.
17. July 9—12	-	-	United Padres.
18. July 12—15	-	-	Scotland & Northern.
19. July 19—22	-	-	London.
20. July 26—29	-	-	Still open.
21. Aug. 2 — Tues., 6			
(Bank Holiday)	-	-	North Western.
22. Aug. 9—12	-	-	L.W.H.
23. Aug. 16—19	-	-	East Midlands.
24. Aug. 23—26	-	-	East Midlands.
25. Aug. 30—Sept. 2	-	-	London.
26. Sept. 6—9	-	-	Eastern.
27. Sept. 13—16	-	-	South Eastern.
28. Sept. 20—23	-	-	Northern & Scotland.
29. Sept. 27—30	-	-	London.
30. Oct. 4—7	-	-	L.W.H.



A Toc H Job

WANTED a really good writer of copy, preferably with experience in a large advertising Firm, to give his ideas, his brains and his efforts to assist the Appeal and Publicity Department of a large and important Charity.—Reply c/o The Editor, Toc H JOURNAL.

DARBY AND JOAN

AMONG the innumerable activities which centre round Tower Hill one of the most delightful has been little noticed and deserves a belated mention here. Already some six years have passed since a few Toc H members, with their wives and children, foregathered at Forty-Two, Trinity Square, as Tubby's guests at the first "Darby and Joan Party." It was altogether a charming tea-party, but there was, of course, an underlying motive behind Tubby's gay hospitality: this was to hold the interest of Toc H members newly married. He knew well that men are apt to lose touch with Toc H when they marry, partly because this great moment in their lives often involves a change of domicile and consequently of Branch or Group, partly because absorbing new interests may easily—sometimes inevitably, and rightly—oust the old. Actually these happy Sunday afternoons have attracted old and young equally; there has been an ever-increasing number of Darbies and Joans, with their Jacks and Jills. The Parties have fulfilled a purpose.

To many of us, now fathers of families, this periodical family gathering has been practically the only remaining personal link with the Founder Padre. The early days of our membership have long since gone when we 'blew into' All Hallows' Porchroom, any day of the week, to be greeted with "Hello, old boy; splendid! Come and have a sandwich. Good, good!" Those days remain precious in the memory. The link of actuality which remains to us is the "Darby and Joan Party."

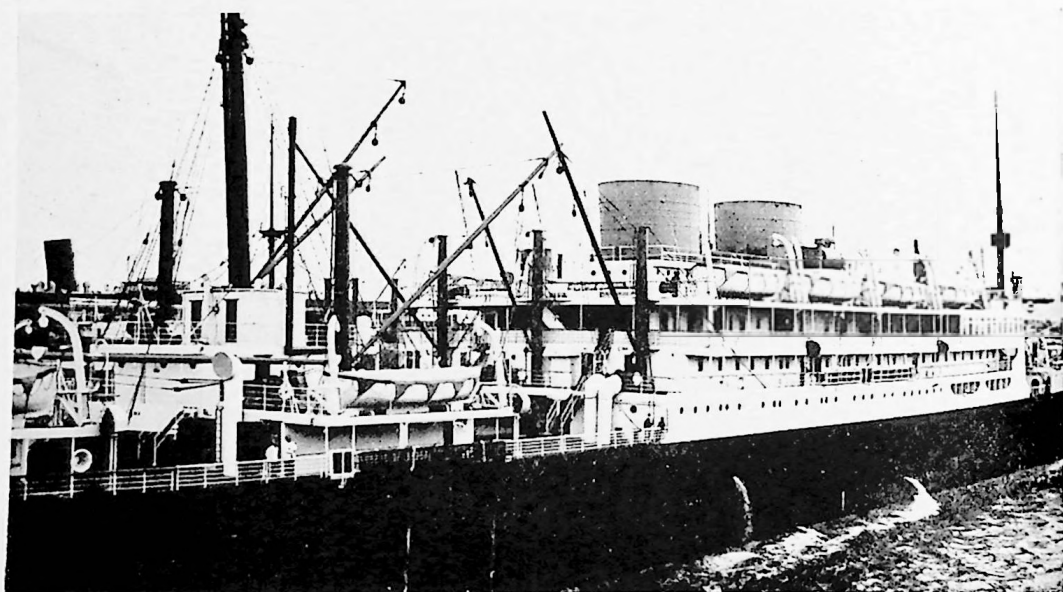
Tubby on these Sunday afternoons has been very much at home with his guests, as popular—need we say?—with the children as with their parents. How could this be otherwise, when he has so often played the part of a beneficent uncle? The time spent, for instance, in West Africa must have been overfull—as the leprosy campaign and much else bears witness—and yet room was found in the traveller's baggage for snake-skin purses, tiger-skin sandals, cute little crocodiles, stamps and coins wherewith to delight the small folk at the next Darby and Joan Party on his return. How proudly the tiny guests marched home with these treasures! And in due season Father Christmas himself did not forget to attend the party.

The grown-ups also receive gifts, but in a different form. Who will forget those afternoons which gave us the vigorous message of Fr. Timothy Rees (who was soon after to become known to Welsh members as Bishop of Llandaff), or the delightful visits of Bishop and Mrs. Talbot and of Lord and Lady Plumer as our host and hostess for the afternoon—two grand old men, true fathers in Toc H, who have since passed on? It has been our privilege to gather inspiration from many such as these, and it is not possible to name here all those guests, from town and country and overseas, who have given us something good to carry away.

One afternoon we were the guests of the Bakers' Company in their historical Hall, well-known to members who have attended certain national Festivals of Toc H. On another occasion we visited St. Martin-in-the-Fields for the Nativity Play. For several years the summer has brought a trip on a little steamer up or down the broad bosom of the Thames.



TUBBY WITH HIS JUNIOR GUESTS IN 1931.



ABOVE: Some of the 'Darby and Joan' guests on the boat-deck of R.M.S. *Highland Monarch* on August ..., 1934.

BELOW: R.M.S. *Highland Chieftain* passing up the Royal Albert Dock on August ..., 1934.
(Photos. by 'A. Darby'.)

For a good part of last year Tubby has, of course, been away, but Pat Leonard and his 'Joan' have kept the ball rolling, despite difficulties due to the rebuilding of the Lunch Club premises at 'Forty-Two.' On August 2 a party of 100 were the guests of the Royal Mail Lines on board R.M.S. *Highland Monarch* in the Royal Albert Dock. Most of the crowd journeyed down by train from Fenchurch Street, but Pat and Mrs. Pat elected to go by car. There was a mystery about that. How did Darby Leonard and his Joan manage to hide themselves among the cargo on the dockside while the main body was going aboard? Not until nearly two hundred feet had tramped up the gangway and gone below for tea did the host and hostess drop in to see how things were going—and then they found the victuals of the Company rapidly disappearing under the attack of their guests. Later, all were shown over the ship in small parties under the guidance of stewards—and a fine show it was. For the *Highland Monarch*, engaged in the London to Buenos Aires trade, has a gross tonnage of 14,137 and carries over 500 passengers and up to 5,000 tons of meat or fruit. An extra entertainment was provided by the *Highland Chieftain*, her sister ship, which was being towed up the dock, homeward bound from South America. The "all ashore" gong brought, all too soon, an end to a pleasant and unusual afternoon.

Before Tubby left for South Africa some of those who have been associated with the "Darby and Joan" idea since its early days, undertook to work out a scheme for maintaining a closer personal touch with the many families concerned. In consequence of this there are now "Grand-darbies" and "Grand-joans" for the four points of the London compass, aided by others in smaller localities.

A. DARBY.

MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ Sincere congratulations to Sir IAN HAMILTON BENN (a Vice-President) and LADY BENN on their Golden Wedding (Feb. 3, 1875-1935).

✠ CUTHBERT BARDSLEY has resigned his membership of the Central Executive on taking up an appointment involving much travelling. The Central Executive has co-opted in his place General Sir REGINALD MAY, who was Chairman of the Committee, 1920-22, 1924-27.

✠ PADRE TOM SAVAGE has been appointed Headquarters and Transvaal Padre for Toc H Southern Africa and will take up the appointment in the early summer.

✠ WALTER ELLIOTT has been appointed Chairman of the Council in India and Burma, vice Sir Walter Craddock, who has resigned on returning to this country.

✠ STUART GREENACRE is due back from Australia with Rex Calkin on or about February 4. He will go temporarily to the

East Midlands Area and when relieved there will return to be Area Secretary of the Western Area.

✠ JACK MADDOCK (Hull) has been appointed to the staff and will become Area Secretary East Midlands.

✠ REX CALKIN will resume the duties of General Secretary as from February 18, and from the same date the change in the office of Hon. Administrator announced last month will take effect.

✠ COLIN MACPHERSON has been obliged to resign his office as Hon. Pilot in Scotland under doctor's orders. Scottish members will deeply regret his enforced retirement from active work.

✠ The First Festival of the 'Acting Schools' of the four London Areas, at which a team from each Area will produce a one-act play, will be held on February 8 and 9 at the Cripplegate Theatre, Golden Lane, E.C.1.

A BAG OF BOOKS

Christ's Revelation of God. By William Temple, D.D.

Moral Adventure. By B. H. Streeter, D.D.

The Assurance of Immortality. By H. E. Fosdick, D.D.

(All in the *Religion and Life Series.* S.C.M. 1/-.)

To one reader at least there is an inviting charm about these little books. They are cheap; and their plain colour covers, red, chocolate and blue, decorated with billowy lines in white, whet the mental appetite as those attractive cakes in a patisserie window entice the stomach. They look good things and must therefore be consumed. The effect on the digestion is of course, quite another thing; the germs of dyspepsia can hide equally behind the fairest of Anjelica or the most angelic of titles.

It may be so with these three books, but '*chacun à son gout.*' In some way these three supplement each other by linking together those threefold aspects of Life by which human endeavour moves; for surely in *Toc H* at least, this life is somehow a moral adventure to Immortality though Christ's Revelation of God, and of these perhaps the moral adventure and the Revelation are the most practically important. Immortality to the doubter or the atheist is something unproven, while to the Believer it is a matter of faith grounded on Promise or, as for Dr. Fosdick in his book, a search for rational and æsthetic argument, a desirable fulfilment to be assured of, or a bulwark against the pessimism of unbelief or the ignobility of '*Homo Sapiens*' blotted out in dust.

"The Assurance of Immortality" is pre-war; and it is American. Its thesis is still relevant to-day, it is relevant in all days but its style and argument sing somehow of battles long ago. In 1934 '*Homo Sapiens*' is no longer insulted by Darwin or the atoms of his anatomy, for '*Homo Sapiens*' has been ignoble, and in the dust. No longer, as for Dr. Fosdick, does the thought of Beethoven or Shakespeare creating from some great thing outside his physical mechanism assure everyman of Heaven, because Mr. James

Joyce or the nettles of Bloomsbury or "*La Vie Parisienne*" still fail to assure him of Hell. "The Assurance of Immortality" now, perhaps, as always, is an assumption and an inspiration which a man feels within himself, as Wordsworth felt when he wrote:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
The Soul that rises in us, our Life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

If there is any practical finger-post to it on earth, it is surely the kinship of Love, which is a spirit from God which moving from man to man, who is of God, makes earth more practically beautiful and life potentially richer.

This experience of Love in the spiritual sense is important to our generation; it is being violently tried and as violently assaulted, but Life is made a battle ground for it. "Christ's Revelation of God" therefore according to Dr. Temple is a revelation of God's love manifested through Christ. Our Lord pre-supposes God to be a majesty: living and paternal:—

"Our Lord then pre-supposed these convictions: that God is exalted in a peerless unity high above all existing things; that His Holiness consists chiefly of His perfect righteousness: and that He is the Creator of the World, not only an indwelling presence; that He cares for its course and Himself takes action to guide its History: and that He watches over His people with a Father's care, not only demanding but desiring their obedience." (p. 34).

It was from these convictions that Our Lord proved the practice of Christianity both

in His speech and His actions and handed down to His followers for ever the same way. The way is in fact a demonstration of these convictions. It is a fellowship:—

“To be in fellowship with God is therefore to be filled with the Spirit of Love, and so far as we remain unloving towards anyone we shut ourselves out from the fellowship of God. (p. 58).

“Because God is Love, He desires the answering love of His children; but that must be fully given, for otherwise it is not love at all. Therefore, because God is love, He gives us the awful responsibility of freedom. We are free, if we so choose, to repel His love. We may even do this with such completeness, according to the most natural interpretation of Christ's words, that we are shut out utterly from His presence: that is Hell. And if we believe in Hell, it is because we believe so completely in the Love of God.” (p. 64).

To the modern mind, which talks about freedom as the salt of Life and denies it as the bane of political existence, this Revelation of God must be amiable; it puts all the responsibility, which should be awful and “an impossible burden,” upon man. It is obvious however that such a position is chaotic without the assurance of a guiding spirit in the choice of good and evil. But there is this spirit. It is the gift of the Holy Spirit, which dwells in all men; to that extent they have God in themselves, and by sharing it in fellowship do they make God a reality in the World. That is the conclusion which we draw from these deep and easily read lectures of Dr. Temple.

It is a great conclusion. Life now, as we have suggested, becomes an Adventure. It is, quite reverently, an adventure of man fitting in with man, like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle, to fashion God. The completed picture is God and man; each is the other; and the short name for it all is complete Personality. This adventure is also a moral one. It may and must include Politics or Tiddleywinks but it is essentially moral. It is the adjustment of the personal relationship at work among human beings. Some of

these relationships are necessarily sexual, and Canon Streeter confines his “Moral Adventure” to an enquiry into sexual morality, showing that the Christian view which is eternal can frame and inspire the efforts of each age to adapt its moral code to its thought and practical needs. A moral code is a contract between people for the good order and convenience of Society. Canon Streeter insists that to-day we do not need a new code so much as a new vision of those laws which have persisted so long as the conscious experience of mankind. This is vital and true, but we can't leave it at that; and unfortunately Canon Streeter's Essay doesn't insist that the vision as it comes must be widely sympathetic and comprehensive enough to fashion and inspire all physical relationships, particularly in a tolerant age like ours which knows the urgent presence of many different sexual inclinations in its midst.

Another valuable point refers to the religious ethical outlook of the twentieth century. Until now, religion has taken for its creed the theory of “world-denying”; through self-denial virtue is found and Hell avoided. Only slowly are we realising that religious ethics should be “world-transforming.”

“The kind of things I do and think make me the kind of man I am. And this kind of man I am determines the friends and enemies I make, the opportunities I see and miss, the things which I succeed or fail in. For better or for worse, ‘character is destiny.’ No one has watched the actual working out of the Reign of Law in individual character or in the external consequences of actions in social life—regenerating or devastating as the case may be—can miss the story or tragedy which follows the right or wrong in moral choice. And since the mere fact of dying will not change a bad man to a good, we must suppose that, if personality survives the game at all, it must survive enriched or injured by the experiences of Life.” (p. 28).

To Toc H these interesting little books are something worth while on the ethical side.

Who's Who?

"A very nice book," said the old lady to the visitor who had lent her a dictionary, "but I found all the stories a little short." And so they may be in *Who's Who* (A. & C. Black. £3.) for 1935, but they are certainly not uneventful. 3,700 pages of thin paper make a very fat book, but they are surely not too many to contain the biographies of 40,000 notable people (they ought surely to be quite a fair proportion of the people who specially count) in our race.

There is no need to say that the book, which, like most of us, develops an ever larger waist-line as it gets older, is produced with admirable accuracy and neatness. For offices such as our own Headquarters it is indispensable; for begging-letter writers fortunately too expensive; for lovers of history and romance an inexhaustible quarry of interest, sometimes of subtle amusement or impotent annoyance. It reveals endless secrets but escapes being libellous because the victims have only themselves to blame for what is said about them. No doubt in every case much more might be said, for good or ill, and the motto which surrounds the title on the cover is charmingly chosen—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Who would have believed, for instance, that Miss A, the best seller, was little more than a schoolgirl, or that the Duchess of B was on the shady side of 70? Or that neither Mr. Chesterton nor Mr. Belloc, who have extracted fun out of all the least likely things in the world, has any recreation of his own? Or that Col. Mynors Farmar, of All Hallows Porch-room, has had none since he "played cricket and hockey for Sandhurst in 1897"? Or that Owen Watkins' "recreation" was golf or Alec Paterson's "reading, digging and singing" (have *you* ever heard what it sounds like when he does?) Tubby's recreation, quite properly, is "tramp-steamers," and his biography covers besides the whole story of Toc H, at home and overseas.

We could while away much time this foggy afternoon with *Who's Who*: we should simply love to read ourselves to sleep with it to-night—if it didn't weigh 4lbs. 12ozs. One could, for instance, make a special study of the 290 bearers of the name of Smith who have won honourable mention in these pages; or of the books of which one has never heard which great authors have written. One might try to guess how some people collect so many decorations and why some others, more deserving, get none. One could collect data for a history of British warfare in the 19th and 20th centuries (what a disillusionment it is to find that Owen Watkins did not draw sword at Agincourt or even the Red Sea as some have supposed, but merely at Crete in the year of the Diamond Jubilee!); or of British sport. In this latter field we have come upon no record more impressive than that of Mr. Osbert Sitwell, the poet. He was, he says, educated "during the holidays from Eton" and in the Grenadier Guards, 1913-1919, and he is "deeply interested in any manifestation of sport." Besides founding two golf-clubs, he "played against Yorkshire Cricket Eleven (left-handed) when 7 years old; was put down for M.C.C. on day of birth by W. G. Grace, but has now abandoned all other athletic interests in order to urge the adoption of new sports, such as Pelota, Kif-Kif and the Pengo (especially the latter); spent the winter of 1927-28 in the Sahara studying the same." We are not quite sure if "founded Rememba Bomba League, 1924" is a sporting or revolutionary activity of his—perhaps a blood-sport and so both. His only "recreation," after these serious pursuits, is "entertaining the rich and charity generally," and his telegraphic address is 'Pauperloo.' What pictures we can paint from the pages of *Who's Who* of the great race to which we are proud to belong!



Three Men in Fiction

Captain Nicholas. By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Heaven's my Destination. By Thornton Wilder. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

Good-bye, Mr. Chips! By James Hilton. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.

These three novels are poles apart both in their matter and in their manner, but they have one thing in common—each is dominated by one man. On this one man the story hangs; round him all other characters revolve, seldom his match, sometimes merely agreeable or sinister shadows as his background; some of them would scarcely live at all if it were not for their violent or kindly reactions to him. One of these men is a double-dyed, and at last self-confessed, wrong'un, but not in the plain manner of the old-fashioned villains of melodrama. He does not quite say "Ha, ha!" and twirl a black moustache: he is as subtle as Satan and often as charming. The other two are heroes—but not of the blue-eyed, fair-haired sort. They are both odd figures and you must laugh at them, but you will laugh kindly because you will love them.

After a long lapse of years—long because it is the whole difference between 'pre-war' and 'post-war'—Hugh Walpole returns in some ways, to the theme and the setting of an earlier book, *The Green Mirror*. The setting is polite 'West-end' London, and the theme is a woman's victory over crisis which overhangs a house and family. The family of the Carlises and Coventrys have lived together for years in their house in Smith Square, Westminster—and there are few Squares more suited to a nice family which has to live in London and can afford to do it well. Charles never seems to have any business more serious than golf, and Fanny, his wife, is a happy hostess (except when she loses her temper—an awkward trick of hers); Uncle Matthew is a charming old mystic, spinster Grace a harmless butt for them all, the Old Lady a tremendous figure of dignity, and the younger generation are pleasantly employed—Romney as a dilettante art-dealer, Nell as a young lady about town and Edward at Westminster School; not to mention

Janet, the perfect servant and family friend and Becky Sharp, the inscrutable black cat. There never was such a united family, everyone said—and some added that it was too good to last. Into this busy peace and well-being there glides one lovely Spring evening the snake in the grass: Janet greets her mistress, returned from shopping, with the fateful words "The Captain is here!" And so, on page 11, Captain Nicholas, the long-lost ne'er-do-well brother, makes his amused bow to his family: he brings with him his boxes and his pathetic little daughter Lizzie; he has come to stay. By the time he leaves the house—on page 467, two pages before the end of the book—he has uprooted the peace of mind of every single member of the household, shown them up and humiliated them to themselves and to each other; no one speeds him from the doorstep save Becky Sharp, the inscrutable cat, a spirit as clever and as cynical as himself. All through the intervening pages you see the handsome and charming edifice of family life crumbling at the touch of Captain Nicholas. Himself, a thief, a cad, a sensualist, the ally of the loathsome Captain Abel, he puts them one after another in the wrong—Charles revealed to his truly beloved Fanny in an old act of unfaithfulness, Matthew shaken in his faith, Grace caught out in the pathetic trick of a lonely spinster writing love-letters to herself, Romney led into an experience which he loathes, Nell involved with a married man, Edward in dangerous waters with Lizzie, the faithful Janet brought to the point of giving notice. The Old Lady dies in her bed, with the sinister cat as her only witness—but that, at least, is not the fault of Nicholas. Can anything save the final collapse of the once safe world of the Carlises and Coventrys? An unexpected champion does it: nice, muddle-headed Fanny turns heroine and breaks the spell at last.

All this, as anyone can see, is not a complacent story. The author calls it "a modern comedy" and such it is—but not at all in the common comic sense. Let us avoid using the French word beginning with *m* which has become a habit with reviewers of Hugh Walpole's books: let us just say that Nicholas is a real character with a most disquieting kink. You can't forget him, any more than his family could.

Of the other characters let us say one word about Uncle Matthew. This gentle old batchelor has a hobby, or rather an absorbing interest. He is the centre of a queer circle of men and women—a commercial traveller, a lorry driver, a woman who keeps an antique shop, a shifting group too formless to be called a society, numbering as many at times as a hundred and fifty, spreading vaguely up and down the land and even across the Channel. They are just "the friends" and their bond of friendship is the search, through no conventional avenues, for God. They find and enjoy Him, each in his or her own way; they meet regularly together in the certainty of His Presence. Sometimes we feel—is it fair to say this?—that Uncle Matthew and his "friends" represent Hugh Walpole's own reaction to something true and simple which he has found, here or there, in *Toc H*.

And the stage upon which the figures move is as notable as in Walpole's books we have come to expect. Here is the landscape of Westminster in all its moods of night and day, a little heightened by the imaginative eyes of a poet—the sky and the river, sun and rain, old houses and their furniture and shaded lights. Anyone who knows Westminster enough to love it will enjoy a picture like this, the work of a sensitive artist:—

The storm, like smoke driven by the wind, scattered away. All the roof-tops and chimneys glittered after the rain. A slight breeze ruffled the river which, under pale gleams of the evening sun, caught ripples of light like feathers scattered by a multitude of birds. A freshness, as though the busy streets were evening meadows, touched wall and pavement and the hurrying wheels of the traffic. The sun blew out across the clean-washed sky like a trumpet.

"And only man"—in the person of Captain Nicholas and his shady cronies—"is vile."

* * *

Thornton Wilder, several times reviewed in these pages as a writer of delicate phantasies in beautifully chosen English, comes out in a new guise with a fantastic comedy of his native United States, beflowered with rich American language and endowed with the queerest of heroes, who began life, as apparently school-children in the Middle West are won't to do, by writing on the fly-leaf of his school books—

*George Brush is my name,
America's my nation,
Ludington's my dwelling place,
And Heaven's my destination.*

Young George Brush is indeed a pilgrim of eternity in the matter-of-fact world, a humorous strayed angel whose job is being a commercial traveller in school text-books and in revolutionary ideals. He does a great deal more to further his ideals than saying his prayers before his berth in the Pullman car and writing texts on the blotting pads in the commercial rooms of hotels; he makes frontal attacks on society for his faith and suffers with comical cheerfulness, any consequences. Quite early he comes to the conclusion that banking is a source of evil (the idea is no unfamiliar in British politics) and draws out all his savings, leaving the interest in the hands of the astonished cashier because he "don't believe in interest." He reads the bank manager a lesson on Voluntary Poverty as exhibited by Gandhi, and on the Francis can doctrine that possessions only breed fear, malice and all uncharitableness. The upshot is that he is handed over to the police and there is a run on the bank. This is only the first of a series of arrests and scenes of hilarious misunderstanding in country jails. We cannot here follow George Brush's rapid encounters with problems like drink and love, the remarkable scenes at Camp Morgan, a rum mixture of 'uplift' and commerce which may be only a slight caricature of some real institution in the States, his quaint device for preaching his gospel in boarding-houses and railway trains. The comedy reaches its

height when he enters Mrs. Efrim's general store to buy chocolate for a little girl, is involved in a hold-up, hands Mrs. Efrim's money, as well as his own, to the burglar because it may "give him a fresh start in life," is caught with the man's revolver in his hand (saying "I don't believe in weapons of any kind") and is, of course, once more in a prison cell. His philosophic arguments with the magistrate and the conduct of the court are rather larger than life, even according to American legal procedure, but they are delicious reading. In the end he suffers certain disillusionments—but for all that passes out of another jail (and out of the story) still the same courageous, quixotic George Brush. There is more than fooling in this book: there is a good man.

As a contrast, get to know *Mr. Chips*. There is nothing fantastic or adventurous about James Hilton's portrait of an old schoolmaster. It seems to be no secret (even without the help of the drawing of the school gates on the 'jacket' of the book) that the Leys School, Cambridge, is being described as Brookfield or that Mr. Chips is a composite portrait of some of its masters. He sits in his chair in his lodgings opposite the school, tended by the faithful shadow of Mrs. Wickett, his landlady. His life's work is over; he is retired but he cannot live out of sight of the place which has claimed his service, body and soul, for sixty years or beyond sound of the school bell. All those years go gently past in procession as he sits there, with their great train of remembered names and faces. In them all there seems to have been only one adventure—and that so long ago: the day when Mr. Chips sprained his ankle on Great Gable, was rescued by a "modern young woman" (she had a bicycle and believed in women's rights—two very shocking things to Mr. Chips) who, to everyone's amazement, including

his own, became his wife. Then came the time of his wonderful happiness and the blossoming of all the goodness in him—and the sudden snap on the day his Kathie died, in giving birth to their child. That was all so long ago. The Great War, the General Strike find Mr. Chips back in harness, whimsically courageous, sturdy and sensible and understanding. And so this brief uneventful story reaches the last afternoon when the small, nervous new boy, sent over as a practical joke by other boys to call on Mr. Chips, is entertained *tête-à-tête* to tea with most charming courtesy and lifts his cap at last on the doorstep with "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" (for his nickname had become part of the old man). Last scene of all—Mr. Chips that same night, half conscious in his dying dreams, hears a colleague saying "Pity he never had any children."

"And at that, Chips opened his eyes as wide as he could and sought to attract their attention . . . 'I thought I heard you—one of you—saying it was a pity—umph—a pity? I never had—any children—eh?—But I have, you know—I have.' The others smiled without answering, and after a pause Chips began a faint and palpitating chuckle. 'Yes—umph—I have,' he added, with quavering merriment, 'Thousands of 'em—thousands of 'em—and all boys.' And then the chorus sang in his ears in final harmony, more grandly and sweetly than he had ever heard it before, and more comfortingly too—Pettifer, Pollett, Porson, Potts, Pullman, Purvis, Pym-Wilson, Radlett, Rapson, Reade, Reaper, Reddy Primus—come round me, all of you, for a last word and a joke—my last joke—did you hear it?—did it make you laugh?—wherever you are, whatever has happened, give me this moment with you—this last moment—my boys. And soon Chips was asleep.

This is a true picture, full of tenderness, a book that moves towards the dangerous brink of sentiment and is always saved from falling over by its gentle humour. Some of us have known schoolmasters just as queer and just as lovable: we shall enjoy seeing Mr. Chips in their company. Deservedly his story was broadcast, as a play, on January 22nd.

Two Men in Fact

Ronald Ross, Dragon Slayer. By J. O. Dobson. Student Christian Movement Press. 3s. 6d.
Lionel Ford. By Cyril Alington. S.P.C.K. 5s.

Here is a fine pair of men of thought and action—in two very different spheres, a

scientist and a headmaster, having in common the qualities of faith, courage and humility.

To claim Ronald Ross as one of the greatest benefactors in human history may seem, at the first sound, as rash as most superlatives. But you must reflect that the enemy which, more than any other, destroyed the glory that was Greece and which made the Romans cruel and decadent was—the malaria mosquito. *Anopheles*, a tiny insect, has brought down old civilisations and threatened young ones, destroyed armies, stopped the digging of the Panama Canal for twenty years (after slaying 20,000 white men in eight years of the attempt), and made many parts of the world—men supposed, for ever—untenable. And it was Ronald Ross who tracked the hidden enemy by years of tireless labour and showed the world how to destroy it. Well might the *Times*, when he died in 1932, say of him “He slew the dragon and delivered mankind from immemorial bondage.”

Two things in his ancestry influenced his destiny—he came of old Highland stock, of fighting blood, and his father was a distinguished officer in the Indian Army. Nothing in his own start foreshadowed the greatness of his life's work. He loved sketching, like his father, he revelled in poetry, Homer and the Elizabethans, and wrote himself what he called “painful verse”; he was inclined to the career of an artist. But his father's mind was set on medicine and Ronald Ross, unwilling but obedient, became a medical student; he passed, not high up, for the Indian Medical Service. And in India he began to lead the usual officer's life of routine duties and varied sports; he found a good deal of time to read poetry—in Greek, Latin, Italian, French and German—and to write some; he carried a piano as he moved from station to station, and he took up astronomy. So far he was an interesting man but in nothing remarkable.

It was a deep human feeling which spurred him towards his real life work. The Indian world around him was more than fascinating: with its patient and industrious but poverty-stricken and suffering millions it moved him deeply. “I have often thought” (he wrote later on) “that the measure of a man's intelligence is the interest he takes in the phenomena around him.” Ronald Ross

was supremely intelligent and began, therefore, to probe into the causes of the depression which he saw on all sides. Depression caught his own spirit as he went on—he had not found a key to the riddle. He came home on leave, married and returned to India, still searching. At this time he wrote:—

“The painful faces ask, can we not cure?
We answer, No, not yet; we seek the laws.
O God, reveal thro' all this thing obscure,
The unseen, small, but million-murdering
cause.”

He was, without knowing it clearly, already on the track of the mosquito.

The story of his discovery, stage by stage cannot be told here: it will be found excellently set down in Mr. Dobson's little book on Ronald Ross. The scientific detail of it will demand a little painstaking reading by the layman, but it is most clearly reasoned and well worth the small trouble of mastering it. The turning-point in Ross' career has been exactly dated by himself. On leave in England in 1894 he met Patrick Manson and began a most notable partnership in tropical medicine. “One day,” writes Ross “while we were walking down Oxford Street, at about 2.30 p.m. (November, 1894) Manson said to me, ‘Do you know, I have formed the theory that mosquitoes carry malaria’”—and they went on to discuss this curious phenomenon in malarial patients, a wavy thread (*flagella*) which moves convulsively in the blood of the sufferer *after* it is drawn from him by a needle. Why *after*—unless it were intended by nature to infect some sucking insect, acting as a needle agent. And what insect—unless it were a mosquito? Ross invented a small portable microscope and went back to India in pursuit of the “unseen, small but million-murdering cause.”

The stages of his discovery, so hardly won are intricate and fascinating. His path was full of obstacles. To begin with he was not a free man but a serving officer in the Army. Again and again he was interrupted in this great adventure of eye and brain and patient faith by being ordered to some new station for routine duties which any medical officer could have carried out: the I.M.S. had no time for the cranks of investigators like Ross. The mosquito was always the game

but *which* mosquito (for there are about 2,000 different species in the world)? Following false scents, discarding theories one by one, dissecting innumerable corpses of mosquitoes (each dissection taking a couple of hours), he drew nearer to his goal. Here is a self-portrait of Ross at work:

"As failure followed failure I became exasperated and worked till I could hardly see my way home late in the afternoon. Well do I remember that dark hot little office in the hospital at Begumpett . . . I did not allow the punka to be used because it blew about my dissected mosquitoes, which were partly examined without a cover glass; and the result was that swarms of flies and of 'eye-flies'—minute insects which try to get into one's ears and eyelids—tormented me at their pleasure, while an occasional *Stegomyia* (mosquito) revenged herself on me for the death of her friends. The screws of my microscope were rusted with the sweat from my forehead and hands, and its last remaining eye-piece was cracked."

And then, suddenly, his reward came. On the afternoon of August 20, 1897 (which he kept, for the rest of his life, as "Mosquito Day") he was dissecting *Anopheles* mosquitoes which a malaria patient in the hospital had allowed (for one anna a time) to suck his blood. He had dissected and examined 37: No. 38 was before his tired eyes—all seen now except its stomach tissue, "a great white expanse of cells like a large courtyard of flagstones," each to be separately searched by the microscope. "*In each of these cells*" (he writes, in italics), "*there was a cluster of small granules, black as jet . . .*" These proved to be the malaria parasite *Plasmodium*, already well known in human blood, breeding in the stomach walls of the mosquito itself. The strange cycle was at last established by which the infected mosquito bites a healthy man who in turn infects with his now malarial blood a mosquito which afterwards bites another man—and so the deadly poison is passed on backwards and forwards, from mosquito to man, from man to mosquito, all down history! Next day (August 21) Ross, "intensely excited," confirmed his discovery by dissecting mosquito No. 39 of the batch, and then wrote—

"This day relenting God
Hath placed within my hand
A wondrous thing; and God
Be praised. At His command

"Seeking His secret deeds
With tears and toiling breath,
I find thy cunning seeds
O million-murdering Death.
"I know this little thing
A myriad men will save.
O Death, where is thy sting?
Where victory, O grave?"

The victory indeed was now in his hands. By a long series of experiments, lasting for years, and beautiful in its chain of patient reasoning, Ronald Ross had grasped the tiny key which has since unlocked the doors of health and hope and life to innumerable men, women and children all over the world. We cannot here describe the use he himself made of it—his retirement from the Army to start the famous Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, his 'missionary journeys' to West Africa, "the white-man's grave" until he came, and to Ismailia; his visits, as "Malaria Ross" (in the uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel) to infested regions where our troops were fighting in the Great War. None of these active steps to use his discovery was more dramatic than what he called his "wild adventure" or "dash for victory" in Sierra Leone in 1901, when, raising private funds and taking his own gang of men, he descended on Freetown and cleaned it up.

"It was sanitary Bolshevism," he wrote. "I proposed to supersede His Majesty's lawfully constituted Sanitary Department in Sierra Leone; to 'wipe the eye' of the Governor and Council; to kill his mosquitoes under the very nose of the Health Officer . . . And we did it!"

And now, at last, the Panama Canal could be tackled again—and was, as all the world knows, dug and opened to the world's shipping. Mussolini could reclaim the deadly Campagna, a desert ruled by mosquitoes since ancient Roman times, and now the site of flourishing townships. The fact that Ceylon, as we have been reading in our newspapers during the last month or two, has succumbed to a malaria epidemic, with great loss of life, is no criticism of Ronald Ross but the exception which proves the rule—for stagnant water, due to exceptional drought, has bred unusual numbers of mosquitoes.

When Ronald Ross died in 1932, there passed not only a great scientist, a courageous worker, a gentle and noble spirit, but a fine

soldier of God to Whom, at every stage of the battle, he gave the praise:—

“Before Thy feet I fall,
Lord, Who made high my fate;
For in the mighty small
Thou showed'st the mighty great.”

* * * *

Cyril Alington's sketch of *Lionel Ford* is more than a tribute from an ex-headmaster of Eton to an ex-headmaster of Harrow, or an appreciation by the present Dean of Durham of the late Dean of York. It is an offering of affection from one great personal friend to another, the understanding praise of a colleague in a high and hard profession.

Lionel Ford's lot was cast in a very different field from that of Ronald Ross. One of seven brothers, six of whom captained the Cricket XI at Repton and five of whom won University scholarships, he was marked out for distinction in two directions—athletic and academic. As a cricketer he was a colossal hitter (it is recorded that one ball at Eton went for eleven, run out) and was described by a man who often played with him as “the best one-ball change bowler in England.” But his great game was fives, at which he was seldom beaten and often unbeatable. He was a good, if not a great, scholar, and as a teacher and administrator was not only good but, at the peak of his success, that rare man a ‘great headmaster,’ in the judgment of those who knew his work best. Six years as a schoolboy at Repton led on to four years as a scholar of King's, Cambridge. Then he went to Eton as an assistant master for three years, the prelude to his headmastership of Repton, his old school. The nine years there were the greatest of his career and some of the happiest of his life. He lifted Repton up and changed it and has left his permanent mark upon its history. When he moved on to Harrow a harder time began. He had to face many problems and his courage and judgment were not always rewarded with success. He wrote himself of his sixteen years work there: “it has, I think, been the real adventure of my life, always thrilling, and increasingly fascinating year by year.” The later part of his Harrow time was deeply clouded by the death of his

beloved son Richard and his health could no longer stand the strain. He was appointed to the Deanery of York—no ‘retirement’ but a beginning again. He came at a time when all his energies were needed—for parts of the glorious fabric of the Minster were in danger of collapse—and he devoted all his courage, faith and love to this last work. His reward was the love of all, not merely in the Minster precincts but in the city of York. He made York Minster a true house of God and home for men. He who loved music (since the undergraduate days when he had played Handel and sung with his friends) found there, as he said, “matchless music—choir, organ, organist, all quite *à l'avenant*.” Nothing could have been more fitting than his end, when having received his Communion, for the last time, on Easter morning 1932, he passed quietly with the music, relayed to his bed from the Minster, in his ear: of the hymn which had been sung on his own wedding day—‘Jesus Christ is risen to-day. Alleluia!’

Lionel Ford's career was a fine one and such as those who knew him expected, but Lionel Ford, the man, was even finer. The glimpses of his family life in this book make its most attractive pages. He married a sister of Ted, Neville and Gilbert Talbot and took his place in that great clan (great in stature as in many directions in Church and State) of the Talbots and Littletons. His married life was one of extraordinary happiness clouded only by the death of Richard on whom he had set very high hopes. To see him with his children or to visit the Headmaster and Mrs. Ford in their own home was an experience which many who were boys at Repton and Harrow in his time will always like to remember. A strong sense of humour overflowing at times, a dogged determination hidden partly under a curious deliberate manner and speech which lent itself to kindly caricature by others—these were special characteristics. But the greatest and most endearing quality of Lionel Ford, which everyone noticed and many bear witness to in this book, was his humility. It was one of the infallible marks of his inner life: he lived very near to the Master he served.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From Tasmania

In the July issue of the JOURNAL you will find a passing reference to the visit of the English team to Tasmania. Reference to the letter written by 'Regron' will give you some idea of our peaceful nature and somnolent tendencies. The visit of Rex and Greeno has certainly awakened in us some of the fire of our ancestors, and as a result of the visit we feel that the foundations have been strengthened and with the encouragement given we look forward to the future with optimism.

The sixth Birthday Festival was held in Hobart during the first week-end in November and fortunately coincided with the date of the consummation of the decisions of the Sydney Festival for legal union with Toc H throughout the World. Fortunately too, both Rex and Greeno were able to be present. Because of this, business was despatched expeditiously so that every available moment could be given to our friends to tell us all they knew. About 120 members representative of all parts of the State were present, and will be able to take to their Units the spirit of enthusiasm which was evident right through the Festival.

On the Sunday of the Festival week-end a Thanksgiving Service was held in the Hall of the Society of Friends' High School. Amongst those taking part were—His Excellency the Governor (Sir Ernest Clark), the Bishop of Tasmania (Dr. R. S. Hay), the Area Padre (Rev. H. G. Hackworthy), R. R. Calkin and S. Greenacre. A challenging address was given by the Chairman of the Area Executive, E. E. Unwin (Headmaster of the Friends' School). On the following morning the new Area Executive held its first meeting and under the guidance of Rex transacted all the necessary business consequent upon the legal incorporation and some helpful advice on the lines of future meetings and policy was given.

Owing to the tremendous amount of work that has fallen on our first Australian Commissioner, Rex was unable to stay for any

length of time in the State, but left the task of training Unit officers and District Teams in the very capable hands of Greeno, who spent the following three weeks in the Southern District, North Western and Mersey Districts and Northern District respectively. Greeno, armed with a contagious smile and much wise family counsel, adopted practically the same programme in each District he visited. He met the District Teams, a number of Units and held three week-end conferences. He gave us a lift along in many directions and brought to us a new outlook on many aspects of Toc H life. We have learned that our mental attitude towards our financial responsibility to the Family must be balanced with our outlook on service and other phases of Family life. We have found too that Service is not a thing we can define very easily and can be expressed effectively through many channels to which we have not given much consideration in the past. The conferences introduced free discussion on many unit problems and in some of these we received sound advice.

One of the outstanding events of Greeno's visit was the celebration of his birthday at a Guestnight held in *Launceston* preceding his departure on the following day. Feeling reference was made to the sentiments contained in a telegram received from Western Australia which expressed due consideration for the fast approaching middle age of our guest. We do not think that it is likely that he will forget his experience amongst us, but to ensure that he would not do so he was presented with a picture of *Launceston* signed by all present.

This turned out to be a night of presentations, as, in addition to Greeno's birthday it was the occasion of a Farewell to the Padre of the *Launceston* Branch (Rev. H. C. Cuthbertson) who in early December takes up duties as Chaplain to the Missions to Seamen at *Port Adelaide*. Our loss is South Australia's gain. We know that he will keep in

touch with us because the pen presented to him was given on that distinct understanding.

Any attempt to express in writing our thanks to the Central Executive in sparing from their Staff the men who comprise the Team would be entirely inadequate in expressing our feelings. We do not think that members in England can realise just what this has meant to us in creating a new enthusiasm as a result of the inspiration of their

visit. The helpful advice given, based on experience in other parts of the World, will also be invaluable. More important still is the fact that their visit has very definitely strengthened the links which bind Australia to England, and in meeting them we feel that we know more personally those who have been perhaps just names to us in the past. Greeno was asked to convey to the Central Executive our thanks.

From Ireland

Although we are a bit late it is our first opportunity and we raise our Paddy hats in wishing the rest of the Family many happy experiences in 1935. Amid the smoke of our traditional clay pipes we have been reflecting recently; we have just completed ten years in a joyful adventure. We celebrated the anniversary by holding a rally in Belfast in December. We opened on the Saturday with an impressive festival service in St. George's Church, the rector (Rev. F. B. Aldwell, L.L.D.), extending a hearty welcome to all. A challenging address was given by the Padre for Down (Rev. G. S. Worsley, C.F.); Padre Montgomery led "A call to thanksgiving," and Padre Buchanan recited the prayers. Arthur Lodge and Jack Shaw, assistant Area Secretary, also took part. Arthur, by the way, travelled by air specially to be with us.

Bill Miller led the "Guest-night" which followed in the Presbyterian War Memorial Hostel and after T. J. Reid had reminded us that we had "left undone many things which we ought to have done and done many things which we ought not to have done" during our ten years' existence. Our principal guest, Major Paul Slessor, broadened our rather parochial outlook. Another interesting feature was a talk on Boys' Clubs by A. H. McDowell. Mention of that talk makes it appropriate to record that our own Newsboys' Club in Belfast has taken on a new lease of life. By the help of the Carnegie Trust the whole place has been remodelled and there is an air of revival throughout the building. Talking of air the Newsboys' mouth-organ band and choir

have broadcast several times recently.

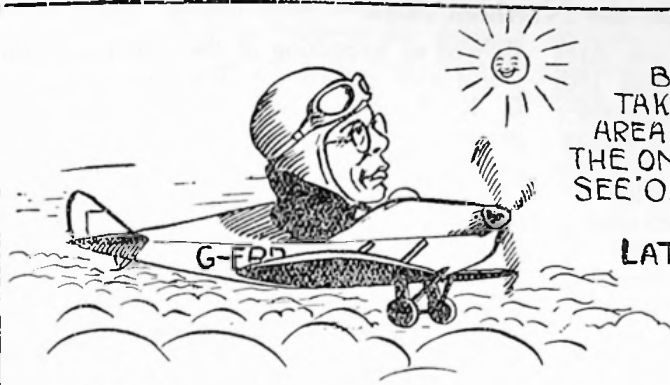
And that also reminds us, switching back to the rally, that while the fellows were enjoying themselves in the Presbyterian Hostel, Jack Shaw was radiating a message from the Belfast station of the B.B.C., so that for five minutes not only those attending the rally but practically the whole of Northern Ireland were thinking on Toc H.

Altogether the rally, according to our guests, was a great success; perhaps they enjoyed the grub. There was one matter of regret, however—the absence of W. S. Armour ("Pat"),—the founder of Toc H in Ireland. He sent an encouraging message from London.

The Blood Transfusion Service in Belfast is now functioning and several calls have already been made on donors. Jack Shaw is the secretary and volunteers have been forthcoming from other organisations in the city.

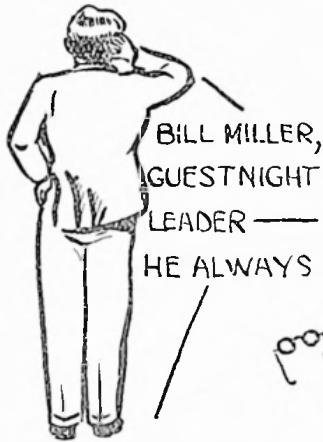
Our "exiles" down in Dublin are forging ahead and the Group at Killiney has received recognition. Furthermore a provisional Dublin District Team has been formed. A few of the Southerners came out of "exile" and travelled to the Belfast Rally, where, with the cross-channel visitors, they made the most of their "invasion."

Being Irishmen we could go on talking more and more about less and less but as we think we hear the Editor grumbling that he gleanes less and less about more and more as he reads this rambling epistle which has already taken up much more space than he can spare, we'll say "Here's to the next time!"



ARTHUR LODGE MISSED THE BOAT, BUT SET A RECORD BY TAKING THE 'PLANE, THE FIRST AREA SECY TO FLY TO IRELAND & THE ONLY MAN IN BELFAST TO SEE 'OLD SOL' ON THAT DAY

LATER, AT THE GUESTNIGHT IN THE HOSTEL



BILL MILLER, GUESTNIGHT LEADER — HE ALWAYS

SMOOTHES HIS HAIR (RED) LIKE THIS, WHEN SPOUTING, TO KEEP HIS HANDS WARM.



THE GUEST OF THE EVENING PAUL SLESSOR — HE TOLD US A STORY WE HAD NOT HEARD BEFORE!



WALTER HAMILL WAS THE 'HENRY HALL' — ALWAYS ON THE AIR — AND CONDUCTED HIMSELF.



OTHER GUESTS.



"PoP."

NO TOC H FUNCTION IN IRELAND WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT — JIMMY ALLEN. AND



JACK SHAW



JOHN McBRIDE

From the Northern Area

We all feel very happy about our Area Festival which was on the 15th and 16th December. For once, the hackneyed phrase—"an unqualified success" may be fitting. We were fortunate in our choice of Durham city for the festival. No church could have been more appropriate for a thanksgiving service than Durham Cathedral and no building more comfortable and convenient for our needs over the week-end than Bede College where we slept and ate on Sunday.

The Festival began in the cathedral at precisely 4 p.m. with our service called "*An Act of Praise and Aspiration*." Dr. Alington an old friend of Toc H and Dean of Durham, through whose kindness and understanding help we were able to worship in the cathedral, in his welcome to Toc H at the beginning of the service, referred particularly to the Venerable Bede, St. Cuthbert and St. Oswald whose earthly remains have found their last resting place in the cathedral. In the ceremony of *Grand Light* which was the climax of the service, the light from which all lamps, rushlights and tapers were lighted, was brought from the tomb of St. Cuthbert, thus linking up one of the noblest of the Elder Brethren with our service. Those who were there certainly believed that it will be a memory which will never leave them. In the appropriate and encouraging address which Dr. Alington gave us, we heard much that was new about the early days of the old House and Toc H.

High Tea followed at the Town Hall, again precisely to time—a matter of pride. More important, it was an astonishingly large meal for the price and almost fitted in abundance the dignified surroundings of storied walls and painted ceilings, more accustomed to aldermanic banquets than the light hearts of Toc H and L.W.H. at tea.

We found we could just wedge ourselves into St. Margaret's Institute, the largest hall in Durham for our Family Night. Here, Viscount Grey took the chair and ably and cheerily guided us through the evening's programme. Our two speakers, both from Headquarters, were Padre Baggallay, who

showed us something of the romance of the world-wide growth of Toc H to-day and G. K. Tattersall, who spoke to us of the precious something which matters more than gas-fires—of "the pearl of great price."

During the evening, we were astonished first, by the excellence of the singing of the Richmond Group—not a number of select singers, but the whole membership of Toc H Richmond, Yorks. We would like Bark to have heard them. And secondly, we were most favourably impressed by the professional efficiency of the Mark XVIII Players in the performance of the "*Road of Poplars*" which was well received by the large audience. Then *Light* followed. The Night ended quietly with Family Prayers led by Padre Nicholls of West Hartlepool.

Those lucky enough to be staying overnight had the unusual experience on a Toc H occasion of sleeping peacefully throughout the night. On Sunday morning, there were Corporate Communion for the different denominations at 8.30 a.m. At 9.30 a.m. all sat down to breakfast in Bede College Hall. Rather than have Festival Preachments at different churches, it was decided to have one at which all could be present in Bede College Chapel. This was simply very helpful and interesting address given by Padre Nicholls, preceded by a hymn and bidding prayer and ended by another hymn and the Blessing.

After lunch in Hall, we all met in Bede College Gymnasium for the Family Gathering. With memories of previous occasions when there was something of the atmosphere of the "afternoon after the afternoon before" something new was tried. There was, as usual, the chance to mix; there was, as usual, much singing, including some quite good part-singing by all the members present of the Bishop Auckland Group. But none of the good things was allowed to go on very long by the capable and cheery Chairman, E. Drake, to whose wise guidance much of the spirit of the gathering was due.

No less than eight speakers had been arranged, each being allotted a brief turn

First, Percy Ketnor, Area Secretary, drew a picture of what he believed the purpose of Toc H to be. The following speakers were invited to criticise, even to throw things at it if they wished. There followed, sandwiched between lighter fare, a succession of contributions, some critical, some approving, all witty and all helpful, from Tom Little (editor of "The Northman"), Dr. Gibb, (representing L.W.H.) Ian Fraser, (late of this Area and now of Scotland), 'Bags,' 'Tat' and Ray Fawcett, (Scotland). It was delightful to have with us, besides those mentioned already, several other friends from Scotland including Bob Sawers, Organising Secretary, and John Ogilvie, Area Padre. Other visitors, we noted with great pleasure, were from Cumberland, once in our Area, but now "gone west."

It was certainly a good Festival and we feel that this was in no small degree due to the trouble taken by the stewards provided by Durham, Chester-le-Street and Craghead under their District Padre. If Padre Max Petitpierre is such a good organiser, what must he be as a Padre!

This being my first contribution as Area Padre, a personal note may be excused. I have for the past three months been

astonished by the happiness of my job. Whether I do it happily or not is another matter; but soon, I trust, my legs will be long enough to reach the ground. Perhaps I have been very fortunate in coming to an Area where everything has been guided so long and ably by such a Secretary as P. K., and by such Padres as Sam Davis and Bill Baldwin. Perhaps Toc H is always everywhere like this. Indeed, I hope so! But at any rate, I must say that the Northern Area is a great place to work in, and that I devoutly hope that the partnership begun between P. K. and myself may long continue. One surprise I must record. Ever since I was ordained, I have loathed committees. Nevertheless, I have had to attend many, both within Church circles and without. Seldom are they cheerful; often enough, they are bitter and unpleasant. One thing I have discovered in Toc H is that there are scores of committees Area Padres must attend. But they are *always* cheerful, even comic; there is never any bitterness. And they get their work through just the same—perhaps even more efficiently. This is a real triumph and proves more to me about the reality of the Toc H spirit than even all the bound volumes of the JOURNAL. A. K. B.

From the West Midlands

One, who has been in Toc H for many years, said in a fit of deep and unworthy depression, that the Toc H spirit is dead, in his opinion at least, and that that spirit, which in the old days knit a mixture of men into a real fellowship because they were all pulling together, is not seen nowadays. Another, neither quite agreeing or wholly disagreeing with him said that Toc H was just different from what it was ten years ago, but the tone in which he proclaimed this difference revealed a rather wistful desire for the return of what had been. A unit on the extreme southern borders of the South East Birmingham District asked about another unit which meets well to the north of Birmingham—one which is no longer in a Birmingham District—and regretted that the

inter-visiting that once used to take place, now is rarely known. It must take at least one-and-a-half hours to travel from one to the other of these units, but they did it in 'the old days.' These are some of the facts that lie rather heavily on the minds of some of the older members, while some of those who have joined Toc H in more recent years seem content to limit the vision of Toc H to their own unit and are blissfully ignorant that they are shortsighted. Such conditions are not confined to the West Midlands, nor are the tendencies and policies which are growing out of these bleak facts; actually they are not bleak, Toc H must change; it is the attitude towards change which is bleak, chiefly because men fell in love with that Fair Ladye in their youth, and have never forsaken her.

Here in brief is that which is growing out of the past; it is due to that principle upon which true marriage is based, to love the Fair Ladye the more deeply and with more understanding as she grows older and larger! A unit in trouble asks for a visit by two District Officers and mentions the visit with gratitude at the next District Team Meeting. A collection of units, whose representatives—they were quite sure they were delegates!—met once a month at something called a District Committee, but after too many months of meandering in each others preserves with a stick, they started to become a District with a Team leading it, because the best unit in the District decided that an ingrowing toe nail is painful.

Training Saturday Afternoons, which replaced Training Week-ends for various reasons, are not forced on the membership who attend in poor numbers, but requests are made for them to be repeated, and wonder of wonders, the Area Staff is learning apace. In some months, and quite independently of each other, Districts have discovered that before they can run a District Guest-night they must first of all run a District Family Night, when, with half-an-hour or even more at their disposal in the evening's programme, they can mix and get to know each other, the fact of importance is the joy of discovery, even though what is discovered is obvious.

Contributions from the units to the Area were £100 more in 1934 than in 1933; increase in the number of units has not caused this, neither is it all due to the payment of contributions in quarterly instalments, cheering as that is; it is finally due to the greater understanding of what Toc H is worth, an increased desire to be self-supporting and the gradual dying of the hoary old idea that the Quota—or, as it is now called, the Area Contribution—is demanded by an unimaginative and unsympathetic Headquarters.

Obvious as all this may be, it is yet the truth about the West Midlands. Alongside a gradually increasing understanding and use of what can be called the machinery of Toc H, there is found a clearer knowledge of its purpose with the individual in the outside

world and a much more thoughtful attitude towards jobs.

Toc H is changing, praise be; the past and its ways were both good and bad, but either way, all cannot be the ways of to-day and many are coming to see how true that is. Perhaps a last 'snap' will best give an indication of what is happening. A member of four years standing took office in a new unit and helped materially to earn the Rushlight. After some months in the new unit he said that he ought not to have become a member until he had been in the new unit for six or seven months, for it was only then that he had begun to think about Toc H. His statement is not quite true, but the membership is beginning to think, and though hurts, they like their pains.

Development is, as indicated, in the mind of the membership rather than in the increase of new units, but there have been five new Groups; *Alrewas* and *Bloxwich* in the CANOCK DISTRICT, *Essington* in the WILLENHAM DISTRICT, *Tettenhall* in the WOLVERHAMPTON DISTRICT, and *Selly Oak* in SOUTH WEST BIRMINGHAM. *Bilston*, *Dudley*, *Edgbaston*, *Nuneaton*, *Solihull*, *Stratford-upon-Avon* and *Sutton Coldfield* were granted BRANCH STATUS during the year and their Lamps were lighted for the first time at Leicester on December 8, 1934.

Outstanding events of the past year have been a three days' visit by Tubby, accompanied by John Graham, in March; a Garden Party-cum-Sports Day-cum-Social Gathering for all Birmingham Toc H and L.W.H. in July in the grounds of Dame Elizabeth Cadbury; the gift of £5,000 made by Sir Herbert Austin for a new MARK (the new house will soon be handed over to Toc H); the Area Festival in the Birmingham University Great Hall on December 15 when Pat Leonard and Cyril Bailey, Public Orators of Oxford University, spoke to us; for the Christmas Toy Scheme, by means of Toc H and L.W.H. decentralisation, there were collected, repaired, repainted and distributed roughly double the amount handled last year. The figures are not finally announced, but something like 40,000 toys were disposed of.